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MR. LOWE AT RETFORD.

A DINNER given at Retford to a Liberal candidate who had fought a good fight and nearly attained success has afforded Mr. LOWE a welcome opportunity of making a general denunciation of the Ministry in his most vigorous and slashing style. He has some old scores to wipe off, and cannot have forgotten the days when he as a Minister was attacked with equal pungency, and the famous pink fly was revived or invented for his annoyance. Those who complain that politics are in these quiet times a poor milk-and-water sort of affair may read with comfort the thrilling periods of Mr. LOWE. When Mr. LOWE has got his war paint on there is no mistake about his whooping. It is his professed business to scalp Conservatives, and he does it to the very best of his ability. It is perfectly fair play. The abuse lavished by Mr. DISRAELI on the GLADSTONE Ministry rose to a height of prodigality and bitterness which Mr. LOWE has not as yet rivalled. Nor can it be said that sound wholesome abuse of a Ministry produces no effect. Mr. DISRAELI's attacks on his opponents contributed, as they keenly felt, to their downfall; and Mr. LOWE may hope that, if he pushes the Conservatives hard, he may send them a little way down the hill. Not that he wished to encourage his hearers with false hopes. The compact majority of the present Parliament is not likely to be broken up. It is no use, as Mr. LOWE plaintively remarked, arguing with them. Their critics may perhaps convince them, and Mr. LOWE enjoys the triumph of thinking that he has often out-argued and occasionally convinced that portion of the opposite party which is capable of following trains of reasoning. But as to inducing a Conservative to vote as reason would bid him, that Mr. LOWE renounces as utterly hopeless. He also candidly owns that, even if the present Parliament were dissolved, there is no ground for supposing that the Liberals would gain any great accession of strength. The possible enthusiasts of Retford were thrown into a healthy state of discouragement by being reminded that—to say nothing of such natural dislike as the wisdom and energy of the GLADSTONE Government excited in the weak and jealous hearts of ordinary men—the Liberals have undergone a serious diminution of their numerical strength, which makes their prospect of attaining office at present very faint. They have, in short, got no further bribes to give their Irish allies; and the support of the Irish is not to be had on any other terms than those of pure bargaining. It is creditable to Mr. LOWE, and useful to the Liberal party, that he should have spoken quite clearly on this point. He will have nothing to do with purchasing Irish votes by concessions which he thinks contrary to public policy. He would rather be out of office for the rest of his life than gain power by a sham alliance with Home Rulers. It is indispensable to the Liberal party, if it wishes to regain the confidence of English electors, to be as decided on this head as Mr. LOWE. It ought to be the first axiom of the party that it will never accept the ignoble slavery of office in dependence on the huckstering support of impracticable Irishmen.

Mr. LOWE has been exceedingly fortunate in one thing. His enemies have delivered themselves into his hands. No Ministry on record ever made so long, serious, and unbroken a series of blunders as the present Ministry has crammed into six months. In many departments of administration it succeeds with a success beyond the average. If it does little in legislation, it came in to do little.

The country wished for repose, and in domestic legislation the Government has given it repose. But when the Cabinet comes to act as a Cabinet, or, in plain language, when the personal influence of Mr. DISRAELI tells, it seems to lose its head. It is always after something grand, and then slinks out of its grandeur in the humblest way. It exhibits a constant mixture of pomp and weakness. It wriggled out of its foolish Slave Circular by the feeble subterfuge of a Royal Commission. It spoilt its own success in purchasing the Canal shares by its management of Mr. CAVE's unfortunate mission. First it stated that the Report showed the indisputable solvency of the KHEDIVE. Then it suddenly burked the Report, and as suddenly restored it to life; and when the Report was published, it appeared that the KHEDIVE was insolvent unless England would assume a Protectorate over Egypt, and that England had no intention of doing anything of the kind. It is useless to recapitulate the long controversy about the Royal Titles Bill; but it must not be forgotten that it is only by dwelling on its ludicrousness that Englishmen can cover the indiscretion of Mr. DISRAELI's challenge to Russia. Mr. LOWE asserted publicly at Retford what has been freely rumoured for weeks in London, that in sanctioning the title of Empress Mr. DISRAELI only yielded to pressure which had been in vain brought to bear on two of his predecessors. It is quite unnecessary to bring the QUEEN'S name or the QUEEN'S wishes into the discussion. It is to the PREMIER, and to the PREMIER alone, that the nation has to look in such a matter; and it is not the QUEEN'S fault if she has not a wise and statesmanlike counsellor at her side. But, whatever may be the truth as to the origin of the Bill, which at any rate has the demerit of dividing the nation for the first time since the QUEEN's accession on a question touching the Throne, it is unquestionable that the Ministry has a curious tendency to make itself pleasant to those whom it is agreeable to befriend. Mr. LOWE spoke strongly, but not at all too strongly, of the stifling of public inquiry into the disasters of the *Vanguard* and the *Mistletoe*. All the rules of the service were set aside, all the honourable traditions of the navy violated, in order that one or two worthy, amiable, and influential persons might be screened. It is true that Mr. LOWE was not always precisely fair. In an inventive politician cannot be expected to be always fair; and Mr. LOWE may have thought that, if he was not more unfair than Mr. DISRAELI used to be when out of office, his conscience might be easy. That the Agricultural Holdings Bill should be permissive, and that fresh exertions should be made to pay off the National Debt, were points which were settled by Parliament last year, and it is no good going back on them; and the jobs with which the Government is reproached—the creation of a place for Lord HAMPTON and the appointment of Sir SEYMOUR FITZGERALD—might perhaps be paralleled in the history of recent Ministries. Nor is it just to reproach the present Ministry with the whole growth of the national expenditure. More money had to be spent on the army and navy to make them efficient, and the ordinary civil expenditure must increase as the duties of Government become more onerous and complex. If, again, there were to be new funds applicable to the extinction of debt, they must be found somehow. What is new in the matter is that the burden of this increased effort to pay off the debt is made to fall exclusively on the payers of Income-tax. It is not the nation, but the richer section of it, that is to have the glory of this patriotic act. No doubt this is a bribe to

the poorer part of the constituencies, and is a fresh step in a path of great danger. The letter in which Mr. GLADSTONE condemns this "dangerous and socialistic tendency" shows that on this point he and Mr. LOWE are prepared to act together. But the colleagues of Mr. GLADSTONE may remember, with modest shame, that it is not the present Cabinet that first started the idea of bribing the constituencies with projects regarding the Income-tax. The present Cabinet has, in fact, paid its predecessors the compliment of not only leaving their successes untouched, and adopting most of their principles, but also of copying many of their faults.

Mr. LOWE professed to speak as a prophet prophesying in vain. It was in vain that he rent his garments and covered his head with ashes; a doomed nation would go on all the same, contented with its Conservatives. Part of this language must be ascribed to the vexation of an able man who sees the years slipping away, and things managed badly before his impatient eyes which he thinks he could manage infinitely better. In some measure, too, as he had to read his hearers a lesson, he was right to read it forcibly; and it was highly judicious to point out that the Liberals greatly need practice in the arts of organization before they can rival their opponents, and that the necessity of their being henceforth independent of the Irish vote has seriously damaged their strength. But even if all allowances are made on these heads, it must be owned that Mr. LOWE overstated his case. However firmly established a Ministry may appear to be, it is not reasonable to suppose that it is really secure in these days if it loses all its credit. Ministries with a docile majority fall slowly, but their fall is sure, sooner or later, if they displease the nation. That the English nation will not be some day displeased by a mixture of pomposity and weakness in the conduct of its affairs seems very unlikely. This is only a general proposition. No one can pretend to say how or when the present Ministry will fall. But it is safe to say that no Government can go on blundering as the present Government has gone on blundering lately and keep long in office. Enthusiastic Liberals have, however, to take into account that it is by no means impossible that the Ministry may mend its ways. The Cabinet contains many men of high character and a high order of ability, and it ought not to be assumed that they will fail to learn wisdom in time. No doubt they have a great danger to face, for it is their chief who is the main source of their troubles, and a Cabinet distrustful of its chief can never be a very happy body. Mr. DISRAELI has long been accustomed to impose his will on his colleagues, and he will not easily subside into a position of equality. But his authority with the Cabinet may become a little less when it has become much less with the public. For the most part the Ministers do their work well, and it would be in many ways a misfortune if the country lost their services. But good services are not everything; and they cannot employ the Easter recess better than in pondering over the causes of the errors into which, as a body, they have been betrayed.

#### THE AMERICAN EXTRADITION DISPUTE.

A CONFLICT has arisen between the obligations of the Extradition Treaty with the United States and the distinct provisions of an Act of Parliament. The American Government has, on the application of the Governor of Massachusetts, required the extradition of one WINSLOW, who is charged with forgery. By the Treaty of 1842, which was duly ratified, it is provided that the two Governments shall respectively deliver up to justice all persons who, being charged with certain crimes, of which forgery is one, committed within the jurisdiction of either, shall seek an asylum or shall be found within the territories of the other. The international obligation is complete in itself, except that it must have been known to both contracting parties that the Executive Government could not perform its undertaking until it had acquired authority from the Legislature to apprehend and surrender accused persons. The English Act of 1870 which now regulates extradition contains the following enactment:—"A fugitive criminal shall not be surrendered to a foreign State unless provision is made by the law of that State, or by arrangement, that the fugitive criminal shall not, until he has been restored or had an opportunity of returning to HER MAJESTY's dominions,

"be detained or tried in that foreign State for any offence committed prior to his surrender other than the extradition crime proved by the facts on which the surrender is granted." The English Government, while it is willing to surrender WINSLOW, insists that the American Government ought to make an arrangement by which the accused person shall be exempted from trial on any charge except that of forgery. The answer is, that the obligation of surrender under the Treaty is unconditional, and that the American Government can take no notice of impediments caused by municipal law. By another provision of the Act of 1870 the surrender of accused persons is prohibited when the offence charged is of a political character, or when the requisition appears to have been made for the purpose of punishing or trying him for a political offence. It might be contended that this exception also contravenes the provisions of the Treaty, and that the English Government is consequently not entitled to refuse the surrender of a person who, being notoriously a rebel, may also be charged with an ordinary crime. In this case, as in that of a person who may be charged with two felonies or misdemeanours, the obligation of the Treaty is complete; and yet both Governments would agree that extradition could not be granted. An admitted exception to any proposition proves that it is not universally true.

In a recent case in the United States Circuit Court of New York, LAWRENCE, a Custom House defaulter, who had been surrendered under the Extradition Treaty of 1842, was tried for forgery. His counsel contended, under a plea to the jurisdiction of the Court, that he could not be tried for any offence except that for which his extradition had been required. It appeared that the PRESIDENT had directed the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to give effect to the restrictions of the English Act; and the question for the Court was whether the prisoner was entitled to the benefit of the exception. The plea to the jurisdiction was overruled in an elaborate judgment, which seems to have been unimpeachably sound. The Court declared that its own authority could not be controlled by the action of the PRESIDENT, and that it was immaterial how a criminal had been brought within its jurisdiction. Even if the Court could have inquired into the circumstances of the extradition, it was held that an Act of Parliament passed long after the ratification of the Treaty could not affect the international duty of the English Government. It was perhaps unnecessary to notice the conflict between the treaty and the English law. In the absence of a legislative enactment to the contrary a competent Court in America, as in England, is bound to take cognizance of any crime committed within its jurisdiction. If the prisoner had been kidnapped in a foreign country and brought to New York by lawless violence, he would not the less have been liable to trial and punishment for any offence which he might have committed. The foreign State might have ground of remonstrance on account of any violation of its territorial rights, but the accused person could claim no immunity either for an ordinary or a political offence. There seems to have been an express agreement between the English and American Governments that LAWRENCE should not be tried for any crime except that on which the extradition was demanded. The PRESIDENT had apparently exceeded his power, and a criminal Court has nothing to do with international comity. It is not clearly explained why LAWRENCE was indicted for an offence different from that charged in the demand for extradition. Although the PRESIDENT could not control the proceedings of a Court, he could probably regulate the conduct of his own law officers. Perhaps a private prosecutor may have intervened without the consent of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

A special cause makes the Act of 1870 peculiarly inapplicable to a Treaty of Extradition with the United States. In the words of the Act, provision must be made by the law of the foreign State, or by arrangement, for the qualified immunity of the person whose extradition may be demanded; yet a law passed by Congress for the purpose would be entirely inoperative, and the Executive Government of the Union can make no arrangement of the kind. The Government of the United States has in ordinary cases no original criminal jurisdiction. An American criminal offends against the law, not of the Union, but of the State to which he immediately owes allegiance; yet no State can hold diplomatic intercourse with any foreign Power, nor can the English Government either take notice of a law of any State or make with a State an arrangement such as that which is contemplated by the Act. Neither the PRESIDENT

nor the Governor of Massachusetts has any power to supersede the jurisdiction of the Courts by any kind of agreement or arrangement. If the Legislature of Massachusetts had passed an Act in conformity with the provisions of the English statute, it would have obviated the difficulty which has arisen in the case of WINSLOW; but it would be difficult to induce thirty or forty States to adopt uniform legislation; and the laws of the States could be but indirectly and informally known to the English Government. If WINSLOW is once surrendered, he may be tried in Massachusetts for murder or burglary or any other crime which he may be supposed to have committed. The English Home Secretary has no discretion as to the surrender of criminals. Unless he can obtain the security required by the Act that the alleged offender shall only be tried for the crime specified in the demand of extradition, he must at all risks refuse to fulfil the obligations of the Treaty of 1842.

As the Treaty of Extradition has been in force for more than thirty years, and the Act of Parliament for six years, it would seem that one or both Governments must have been hitherto content to connive at some infringement either of the Treaty or of the law. The rights which arise from contracts of free trade in criminals may well admit of a liberal construction. Although it is desirable for the ends of justice that offenders should not ensure impunity by escaping into foreign countries, either community may, except in atrocious cases, be content to know that it has got rid of a bad character. If WINSLOW is guilty either of forgery or any other crime, he is not a desirable visitor to England. Continental States have often connived at the irregular apprehension within their domains of fugitive criminals by English policemen. In former times reciprocal courtesies of the same kind were sometimes practised in England; but it is now practically impossible to get rid of a foreign offender except by the regular process of extradition. The conflict of obligations under the Treaty and under the Act ought, as far as possible, to be prevented from recurring by some diplomatic or legislative action, or by a combination of both methods. The exception under the Act of 1870 of political offences must be maintained, especially as the policy of the United States entirely accords with that of England. No treaty would induce the American Government to surrender an Irish Fenian or a Parisian Communist; nor could it remonstrate against the maintenance of its own doctrine by the English Government. The prohibition by the Act of 1870 of the surrender of criminals who may be liable to prosecution for other offences seems to be unnecessary. Before any person is surrendered the magistrate who issues the warrant must be satisfied that there is evidence against him sufficient to have warranted his committal if the offence had been committed in England. If a foreigner is *prima facie* guilty of one crime, it would seem that his claim to immunity is not enlarged by the accident of his having committed other offences. It would be an error to refuse to the American Government any reasonable concession in a matter in which the interests of both countries are identical.

#### ENGLAND AND INDIA.

THE English public is much indebted to Professor MONIER WILLIAMS for one of the most instructive and interesting communications as to India that have been published for a long time. Although it is only the impressions of a traveller who stayed but a short time that Mr. MONIER WILLIAMS has to give, yet his acquaintance with the languages of the country, and the definite purpose of uniting more closely Oxford with Oriental life and study which he had in view, enabled him to learn more and to see more than can be possible for the ordinary run even of very clever travellers. Like most travellers, however, he seems to have been possessed by an innocent wonder that he should be doing what many others might do, but do not do. If Englishmen want a warm, healthy winter climate, why, he asks, do they not go to India? If they want variety of scenery, India can give it them. If they would like to geologize, India has got specimens of all possible strata to offer them. If they prefer zoology, the ants alone deserve to be studied for months. There is some reason to think that Mr. WILLIAMS is only anticipating with the prevision of enthusiasm a not very remote future. India is now so quickly and so easily reached that it may very

well become the fashion to winter there, and it would be greatly to the benefit both of England and India that such a fashion should arise. Mr. WILLIAMS does ample justice to the excellence of Indian administration; but he comments with much good sense on the highly official character of Indian officials, on the seclusion of Europeans, on the distance between the conquerors and the conquered. Centralization advances in India with alarming rapidity. Everything that regards the infinite variety of races, creeds, and customs over the vast surface of the country is supposed to be better understood at Calcutta than on the spot, and in the India Office than at Calcutta. It is, as our traveller remarks, so easy to telegraph, and so easy to suppose that the ideas of the Western man at one end of the wire are compatible with the circumstances of the Eastern man at the other. Some check on this might be exercised if there were in England a non-Indian public acquainted with India. At present there is really no check on a Secretary of State, except the presence in Parliament of two or three eminent Indian ex-officials and one ex-Governor-General. Before long Lord NORTHBROOK will arrive to reinforce Lord LAWRENCE, and everything Lord NORTHBROOK says in the House of Lords will be treated with the respect due to his impartiality, courage, and consistency. But Englishmen, as a rule, know very little of India; and although the direct action of Parliament in regard to India can seldom be desirable, yet the indirect action of a body of critics who formed their judgment on personal knowledge would be of value, not only as a check, but as a support to the Secretary of State. Such a body could not have a better opportunity of testing at once its weakness and its strength than under the rule of Lord SALISBURY, who combines a great contempt for critics with a great willingness to learn.

Mr. WILLIAMS has the highest possible opinion of the natives of India. In fact, his opinion is so high that it is impossible not to wish that he had had a longer time in which to form it. We can hardly believe that we have the honour to be the fellow-subjects of such a delightful set of people. "I have found," he says, "no people in Europe 'more religious, none more patiently persevering in common duties, none more docile and amenable to authority, none more courteous or respectful towards age and learning, none more dutiful to parents, none more intelligent.' When we read in a subsequent part of his remarks a criticism on our humble attempts to convert and educate these people, it is impossible to resist a wish that they would in turn come to convert and educate us. We certainly do not appear to be very successful in our attempts to benefit them. On the difficult and complex subject of the relations of Christianity and Oriental religions Mr. WILLIAMS writes with a courage, good sense, and reverence that do him the greatest credit. Over the unhappy results of our well-meant efforts at giving a higher education to promising natives Mr. WILLIAMS laments in terms that deserve attentive study. What we really do is, in plain fact, to produce a host of shallow, discontented place-hunters. These prize specimens abandon their ancestral religion—which, however, if Mr. WILLIAMS is correct in his estimate of the religions of India, cannot be much loss to them—despise the callings of their fathers, and look upon knowledge as a mere stepping-stone to Government situations. At a place called Kurnoul, there were on a recent occasion 500 applicants for a municipal post worth only fifteen rupees a month, or a shilling a day. The 499 defeated competitors were, we may be sure, not only made unhappy by the loss of this magnificent appointment, but greatly irritated with the Government that tantalized them with delusive hopes of so dazzling a prize. Those who are unsuccessful, Mr. WILLIAMS writes, will not turn to manual labour, but remain discontented members of society and enemies of our Government, converting such education as they have received into an instrument to injure us by talking treason and writing seditious articles in native journals. This is not a pleasant spectacle for the intelligent English traveller to contemplate, and Mr. WILLIAMS evidently inclines to favour the opinion of those who think that, with some few rare exceptions, the scale of our educational efforts should be pitched more lowly and their area extended.

When tramps repair to a workhouse, the first thing that is done with them is to wash them from head to foot. This is very good for them. It makes them, for a few short hours, moderately clean; it subjects them to a

wholesome discipline ; it starts them on the first stage in the ideal career through cleanliness to godliness. But the tramps do not at all like it. They would much rather be roaming about, following their own sweet will, and clothed in their familiar, pleasant shell of close-fitting dirt. When a traveller like Mr. WILLIAMS anxiously inquires how the natives of India really like our rule, he finds that they are very much of the same mind as the tramps. They own that we give them security, just administration, equal laws ; but they much prefer the easy, unregenerate ways of native tyranny. The very superior natives, who have got so accustomed to our bathing them that they see all the real advantages of the process, are more satisfied. They have come to look on their interests as in the main identical with ours. In fact, as Mr. WILLIAMS remarks, they recognize the fact that, if we were swept away, they would be swept away too. But, if he is right, the native princes, however loyal they may be to us, have no real influence over their subjects. They do not infuse their new ideas into the stubborn minds of the population. Some respect and much fear are the foundations of our hold on India. Possibly we have ourselves increased unnecessarily the alienation of the natives from us. We may have flurried the timid, custom-ridden native mind by the eagerness of our haste to introduce improvements. Mr. WILLIAMS goes so far as to say that we have in some instances gone a whole century too fast, and that things have been done already which the lapse of a hundred years could alone make opportune. He also speaks with some pain and indignation of the airs of vexatious superiority with which the natives are treated by their masters. In this respect, however, the present generation of officials has, as is generally admitted, exhibited a marked improvement. Nor is it possible that a member of the conquering race, which is but a drop in the total ocean of the population, should be either safe or respected if he had not somewhat of the bearing of a conqueror. We come back to where we started, that nothing would do more good both to the natives and their rulers than the extension of intercourse with England. The English official would find a salutary check on such arrogance as the circumstances of his life may be apt to evoke in the society of his non-official countrymen fresh from the manners and traditions of home. And the native could not but be gratified by discovering that his race has the singular gifts and the varied virtues which impress travellers so strongly on their fresh arrival, if the example of Mr. MONIER WILLIAMS may be safely treated as a precedent.

#### SPANISH CONSTITUTION-MAKING.

**N**OT taking warning from numerous and recent failures, the Spanish Cortes are at present engaged in the unprofitable pastime of making another Constitution. In the last sittings before the Easter recess they indulged in a long debate on the proposal that the provisions relating to the Crown and the dynasty should be adopted without discussion. Some of the most eloquent theorists of the Cortes had the opportunity of explaining at length the reasons why the KING and his prerogative should or should not be considered as topics excluded from the competence of Parliament. At last an overwhelming majority adopted the proposal of the Ministers; and, as long as the Constitution lasts, or as long as it is observed, King ALFONSO may reign by indefeasible right, and retain all the customary attributes of royalty. It would perhaps have been more logical to withhold from the consideration of the Cortes the enactments to which they have now silently assented ; but if the Spaniards can accustom themselves to regard the throne as inviolable, one condition of order and freedom will have been at last secured. Señor CASTELAR, the only Republican in the Cortes, took occasion formally to renounce some of the illusions which were practically dispelled during his short tenure of power. He admits that he is now convinced of the necessity of a strong Executive, of a standing army, and generally of a vigorous and efficient Government ; but, like many proselytes, he clings to a nominal consistency by still adhering to the Republican faith. His speech will probably have alienated all his remaining adherents ; for, with the exception of himself, there are no moderate Republicans in Spain. He had perhaps no wish to conciliate opponents who reasonably triumph in his conversion, notwithstanding the continuance of his protests against Monarchy. The

PRIME MINISTER not unfairly ridiculed Señor CASTELAR's novel regard for order and for authority, while he informed him that the Royalists were prepared to defend Conservative principles without asking aid from a repentant Republican. Other speakers in the debate expressed a theoretical preference for the Constitution of 1845 or of 1869, but eventually the prerogative clauses were adopted by a nearly unanimous vote. The other provisions of the Constitution will furnish abundant matter for Parliamentary eloquence. The Ministers will have no difficulty in ultimately passing into law the project which they prepared before the meeting of the Cortes. In the meantime it may be as well to provide the Assembly with harmless occupation.

The Constitution will have been the third within seven years. If it survives longer than the experiments of 1869 and of 1873, its good fortune will result, not from its intrinsic merits, but from the comparative stability of the Government. Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO reasonably contended in the preliminary debate that a Constitution drawn up by irresponsible persons under the instructions of the Ministry was likely to be as good as if it had been framed by a Committee of the Cortes. If Spanish legislators have any regard for English precedents, they will approve of the practice by which important measures are framed and introduced by a responsible Government. The numerous Constitutions of modern Spain have generally been constructed on general principles, with the smallest possible regard to practical convenience or expediency. Projectors find it comparatively easy to declare that all men shall be equal before the law, or that they shall, as far as possible, distribute political power equally among themselves. The Constitution of 1869, which was framed by one of the few Cortes which have been fairly and freely elected, provided large securities for personal freedom ; and the Legislature completed its work by prohibiting in any circumstances the abolition or suspension of legal safeguards. Even in case of insurrection, the provisions of the Constitution were to be sacred. Within a year or two the Carlists began the disturbances which ended in the civil war ; and the Republicans from time to time organized petty insurrections in the more turbulent towns. The consequence was that the Government of the day suspended without opposition or remonstrances all the guarantees of liberty which had been sedulously provided in the Constitution. There has generally during the last half-century been one law in Spain for show and another for use. Neither the Government nor the subject has attached the smallest importance to the authority of constituent Assemblies. When the Ministers of King ALFONSO at last made up their minds to convocate a Cortes, nothing was said of conferring on the Legislature constituent powers. Any future revolutionist may plausibly contend that the present Cortes have exceeded the mandate of their electors. It is true that the abolition or maintenance of the Constitution will depend, not on any question of the right of the Cortes, but on the comparative strength of parties, or perhaps on the ascendancy of some military leader. Any Constitution which is likely to be adopted will probably serve its purpose sufficiently as long as it is in force.

The religious or ecclesiastical question is much more important than any controversy which can arise on other parts of the Constitution. According to the latest telegraphic accounts, the Government has determined to maintain the ambiguous clause which purports to secure some degree of religious freedom. As the Catholic religion is declared to be the faith of the State, and as all public ceremonies of other sects are prohibited, it will be easy for an intolerant Government to persecute or to discourage nonconformity ; but Rome, which is always logical in the science of reducing doctrines to absurdity by exaggeration, is not content with an enactment which implies the possibility of exercising common sense or justice. In one of his hysterical declamations the POPE condemns the proposed article of the Constitution as a violation not only of Catholic truth, but of the Concordat which he still affects to treat as valid. Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO had so far furnished an excuse for the Papal pretensions that, to prevent the POPE from recognizing Don CARLOS, he thoughtlessly undertook to maintain Queen ISABELLA's Concordat. Some months afterwards, when the rivalry of the Pretender had ceased to be formidable, after informing the NUNCIO that it was impossible to keep his promise, he went through a form of penance by

temporarily retiring from the Government, though he still influenced its policy. The POPE now speaks of the extinct Concordat as if its validity were indisputable; and he even condescends to appeal to the ladies of Madrid against back-sliding statesmen. The PRIME MINISTER, as he has more than once been told, overdid the customary practice of packing the Cortes with his own partisans; for a section of the Moderate majority, as the most violent faction is called in Spanish political nomenclature, is disposed to countenance the extravagant demands of Rome. It might have been supposed that the POPE would have been contented to secure for the Church a position which it has ceased to hold in other Catholic countries; but, with the suicidal violence which habitually characterizes his policy, he makes concessions only a pretext for additional demands. Those who are more dispassionate and better informed believe that the legal prohibition of nonconformity is one of the few abuses to which modern Spaniards will refuse to submit. It would be interesting to learn the feelings with which Catholic dignitaries residing in schismatic countries regard the partial triumphs and the unlimited demands of the Holy See in Spain. The sympathy of Cardinal CULLEN or Cardinal MANNING for schemes of religious uniformity may perhaps be qualified by doubts whether it is wise to remind an unbelieving world that the POPE is fully as intolerant as in the most flourishing days of the Inquisition.

It may be presumed that the ecclesiastical arguments of the POPE and his agents are not seriously considered by Spanish statesmen. Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO and his colleagues are in doubt, not whether the wrath of Heaven will be provoked by the celebration of Protestant services, but how far they can dispense with the support of the Church, and what is the extent of clerical influence among the rural population. The demonstrated folly of the Republicans in provoking the opposition of the priesthood has perhaps produced an excessive reaction in popular opinion. There is no reason, especially since the collapse of the Carlist armies, for paying unqualified deference to the clergy, who must in self-defence support a Government by which they are favoured and protected. The most ignorant parish priest must be aware that, if the present dynasty were overthrown, he could scarcely hope that another Government would be more friendly to his order. Except in some of the great towns, the Catholic clergy will not be offended by the vicinity of dissenting congregations, nor is it probable that Protestantism will at any time find favour with any but a small and intelligent minority of the middle classes. The nobility, a large portion of the peasantry, and the women of all ranks are inveterately orthodox; and the rest of the male population is, as in all other Catholic countries, indifferent to theological doctrines. The bulk of the clergy have no motive, beyond professional sympathy with their superiors, for desiring either the forcible suppression of heresy or the re-establishment of the Concordat. As long as they are ostentatiously courted by the Government, they will prefer extravagant demands; but it is not worth while to pay an exorbitant price for their political support. In some future Cortes the Progressists and the Republicans will probably be represented, and it is not for the interest of the present Government to provide them with a point of attack. It is not known whether the KING has yet formed any definite opinion on political or ecclesiastical questions. His early training is as likely to have produced repugnance to the doctrines of his mother as deference to the pretensions of the POPE.

#### FRANCE.

THE Easter holidays have produced a complete lull in French politics. Neither Chamber has been at the pains to give the public anything to think about during the recess. The Senate has more than rivalled the English House of Lords in its dignified repose. If the Second Chamber is the strength of the French Constitution, it is assuredly a strength which shows itself in sitting still. This inaction of the Senate is really remarkable, considering how much importance was attached by the Conservative party to its creation, and the number of experienced politicians who have seats in it. The explanation may perhaps be that the Conservatives are so disgusted at the composition of the Senate that they have ceased to interest themselves in its proceedings. In that case they will have given another proof of their inability to fight

an uphill battle. If they expected to make the Senate an instrument for undoing the constitutional work of last year, they have certainly cause to be disappointed; but the complexion of the Second Chamber is decidedly more Conservative than that of the Chamber of Deputies, and it is undoubtedly their cue to make the most of this distinction. The temper of the French Right sometimes suggests a doubt whether at bottom they really believe in their own professions. So long as they think they see a prospect of bringing about a Restoration, their activity is unwearied. They preach that the fate of morality, of the family, of property, hangs in the balance; and they call upon the friends of order and religion to sink all minor differences in support of the Monarchy. When once this prospect has faded away, and it has become clear that, if morality, or the family, or property, is to be defended against attack, it must be by some other agency than a Restoration, it might be thought that the Right would practise what they have preached, and show themselves ready in their turn to sink minor differences in support of the most conservative kind of Republic. They do nothing of the kind; on the contrary, the Bonapartists themselves do not look upon the possible advent of anarchy with greater complacency. Religion and order are very well in their way, so long as the invocation of them serves the cause of Monarchy. But if the cause of Monarchy can be better served by a temporary triumph of irreligion and confusion, the alternative seems equally agreeable to the French Royalists. It is possible, however, that the inaction of the Senate may be due to another cause. The idea which its author entertained of a Second Chamber was probably that of a simple check upon the license of the First; and the Senators may plead that, until the Deputies have done something wrong, the time for setting them right cannot be said to have arrived. In that case the members of the Senate cannot be congratulated on their political insight. If the Senate is to be a really influential element in the new French Constitution, it must devise for itself a part which shall be something more than negative. A Chamber which has no traditions, either of dignity or usefulness, cannot too soon set itself to justifying its own existence. The five years that have passed away since the war have necessarily been years in which barren political discussions claimed far more than their share of the Legislature's thoughts. France must be very much ahead of other European countries if one result of this misuse of time has not been to deprive many questions possessing social importance of the attention which they might justly claim. If the Senate wishes to be accepted as a permanent factor in French legislation, it must show that it knows how to spend a Session usefully.

As yet it would almost seem that, if the Senate means to do nothing until the Chamber of Deputies provides it with something to undo, its inaction is likely to become permanent. The Deputies have hitherto been entirely occupied with determining who shall and who shall not have the honour of sitting among them. Very few disputed elections now remain to be fought over, and when these have been disposed of, the business of the Session will perhaps begin. A Session which does not open till after Easter is not likely to find time hang on its hands; and the Budget, the long-promised Municipal Reform Bill, and the modification of the law permitting the foundation of free Universities, will probably furnish sufficient occupation for the spring and summer. It is well, on the whole, that M. GAMBETTA'S energies should be so distinctly turned in the direction of finance. Whenever a Frenchman's hands are idle the particular form of mischief which is found for them is tinkering with the Constitution, and the less this subject is thought of between now and 1880 the more chance there is that, when 1880 comes, no serious changes will be effected. There is no question that French finance admits of amendment in several respects. The tremendous exigencies of the years immediately following the war, coupled with the disposition of M. THIERS to bring back Protection by a side wind, led to the raising of an unduly large proportion of the revenue by indirect taxation. The real revision of the French tariff is still to come. M. LÉON SAY is not opposed to an Income-tax in principle; and even the school of financiers who object to it as a permanent source of revenue will admit that it is an indispensable instrument during that provisional period in which large readjustments of the national burdens are being effected. The Assembly disliked an Income-tax very keenly, but then the Assembly accidentally represented a larger proportion than usual of

the classes on whom an Income-tax would mainly fall. The great Railway Companies seem to share with the Customs duties the place of first object of M. GAMBETTA's financial detestation. An article in the *République Française* enumerates, as three of the principal objects which the Republican majority ought to propose to itself, the cessation of all further subventions, the rigid repayment of the advances which have been already made, and a careful revision of tariffs with a view of lessening the cost of transport.

The news that an International Exhibition is to be held in Paris in 1878 promises to irritate reactionary Conservatives beyond endurance. They have all along persuaded themselves that their lives and properties are their own only for the moment, and that so long as the Republic lasts any approach to political security is impossible. The public imagination is easily taken hold of by the spectacle of a long course of preparation for an event which is not to happen for two years; and though the blindness of the old world in the time of NOA! will no doubt be freely appealed to by the Royalists as an example of folly scarcely greater than that of the Republicans who suppose that France will be tranquil enough in 1878 to have any thoughts to spare for an Exhibition, the steady progress of the Exhibition buildings will probably make more impression than any discouraging predictions as to what the state of affairs will be by the time the buildings are finished. The Republic will at least have shown that it believes in itself; and in France the assurance that a Government has no fears for the future is a considerable source of strength. Certainly, if it could ever be possible to regard the opening of another huge bazaar as a source of satisfaction, it would be in the present instance. Paris has so long held an exceptional place among European capitals that her return to the old ways is a matter of congratulation, even if these ways are no better than those of international shopkeeping on a large scale. When the time arrives, a great deal of nonsense will doubtless be talked about the fresh career of victory upon which civilization is entering, and the religious, moral, and intellectual benefits to be derived from seeing in a "court" the ribbons and jewelry which in ordinary years are only to be seen in shop windows. But International Exhibitions have become a regular element of European trade, and, as a convenient means of comparing the products of different countries and showing the workmen of one nation what to imitate or what to avoid in the work of another nation, they have a useful place of their own. A vote of 120,000,000 francs is to be asked for from the Municipality next week in order to enable the PREFECT of the SEINE to put the city into a proper state of preparation. It is true that under the Empire Paris had abundant opportunities of learning the lesson that salvation does not come by public works; but the war, the Commune, and the period of political and financial exhaustion which followed upon those two events, have left a long tale of arrears to be made up before Paris will be abreast of other capitals in the work of municipal improvements. It is certainly expedient that the Republic should not show any distrust of its own ability to meet the reasonable wants of the capital as liberally as any former Government.

#### THE EDINBURGH REVIEW ON RAILWAY ECONOMICS.

THE *Edinburgh Review* has occasionally contained treatises on the economy of railways which have been rather fanciful than instructive, but the oddity of an article on Railway Profits and Losses in the current number of the *Review* has seldom been equalled. The writer intimates that he is himself an engineer, and that he has had experience in constructing railways; and his soundest suggestions relate to matters belonging to his own profession. He more than once expresses an opinion that railway managers ought to be subordinate to engineers, or rather that the management should be entrusted to engineers. The experiment has been tried often and on a large scale; but great engineers have managed railways successfully, not by reason of their technical knowledge, but because they have possessed administrative ability. They would themselves be the first to admit that other managers who have never belonged to the profession were in their own department fully their equals. A competent railway manager can easily master all the mechanical facts and

formulas which affect the rapid and economical conduct of traffic. It might almost seem that the article in the *Edinburgh* was the first literary effort of the author. The first rules of composition must be unknown to a writer who begins an essay with the statement that heat is a mode of motion, and ends it with the conclusion that railways cannot afford to carry coals at  $\frac{1}{2}d.$  per ton per mile. Want of literary skill may be readily excused in a statistical treatise, especially as the article is evidently written in perfect good faith; but, like many other railway theorists, the Reviewer wavers between two different or inconsistent objects. Sometimes he defends the interests of shareholders, which are, as he thinks, damaged by the facilities afforded to unremunerative traffic. More especially he protests against the practice of running passenger trains which are not full enough to return the largest proportion of profit. The extreme discomfort which is caused to passengers by the contrary system, as it prevails on the Continent, is never appreciated by stern railway economists. As far as the Reviewer's meaning can be ascertained, he would either suppress all railway traffic in minerals, or charge much higher rates; yet he elsewhere remarks that the competition by sea carriage from the coal-fields of Northumberland and Durham is the main protection to the public against exorbitant railway charges. He also refers, with apparent credulity, to an absurd suspicion that Railway Companies have obtained possession of some Northern ports for the purpose of discouraging the use of sea-borne coals. The French Government is applauded for compelling the great Companies to construct subsidiary lines which are not likely to be profitable. When a similar result is produced in England by voluntary enterprise it is regarded as a waste of money.

It is not only in his mention of the properties of heat that the enthusiastic advocate of some indefinite change in the administration of railways begins with the beginning. The shoeing of horses was an early step in the progress of discovery which has now reached the stage of the latest improvement in locomotives. "The term 'iron-footed' we 'have not found applied to the horse earlier than by NONNIUS (*sic*) in the fifth century of our era." It may be remarked that horses were ridden and driven twelve centuries earlier. Turning over one or two pages, the admiring reader will find himself in the midst of a calculation which proves that in England alone a million and a quarter years are annually added to human life by the saving of time produced by railways. In another place the discursive writer, finding that passengers are charged more highly in proportion to weight than minerals, is puzzled to understand "why it should cost eighteen or twenty 'times as much to convey a ton of passengers over a 'given distance of railway as it does to convey a 'ton of minerals over the same distance." Perhaps his difficulty will be diminished if he considers that cost and value are not equivalent terms. Wine which is sold at ten shillings a bottle is probably not produced at twenty times the cost of wine which is worth sixpence a bottle; but customers are willing to give the larger sum for the growths of the best vineyards; and fifteen passengers care more for their own conveyance than for that of a ton of coals. If the rate for minerals were the same as that for first-class passengers, minerals would not be sent by railway. On the other hand, Railway Companies can scarcely be expected to carry passengers for the thirtieth part of a penny per mile.

The writer in the *Edinburgh Review* is orthodox as an engineer, though he sometimes bewilders himself in labyrinths of statistics. He justly condemns the project of substituting narrow-gauge lines with light rolling-stocks for the existing railways; and he has the courage to vindicate BRUNEL's seven-foot gauge against modern prejudice. As he truly says, the working expenses of the Great Western Railway were for many years extraordinarily low in consequence of the use of the broad gauge; and it was only because the break of gauge offered serious impediments to traffic that it became necessary to adopt the gauge which had been accidentally adopted in the rest of the country. It may be presumed that the writer belongs to an early railway generation, because he mentions with regret the golden age in which railways paid dividends of ten per cent. The first railways were constructed in the most profitable districts; and it is true that the Manchester and Liverpool, the London and Birmingham, and the Grand Junction for a time paid ten per cent., and the Great Western eight per cent. The railway

mania of 1845 and 1846 was the natural result of the first burst of prosperity. The *Edinburgh* writer passes over, almost without mention, the enormous increase of working expenses within the last six or seven years. If wages and materials had remained at the level of 1868, several of the principal lines would have paid from eight to ten per cent. during the last half-year. A return of four or five per cent. on 600,000,000*l.* is a more remarkable and more satisfactory result than a return of twice the same percentage on 60,000,000*l.*

From a confusing mass of relevant and irrelevant figures the writer at last jumps to the startling conclusion that the mineral traffic of the railways in the United Kingdom is conducted either at an infinitesimally small profit or, more probably, at a loss. He even positively asserts that the Midland Railway Company incurs serious loss by the carriage of minerals. It is surprising that Boards of Directors and railway managers should have wasted millions of money on undertakings which a casual critic at once sees to be wasteful and ruinous. The Midland Company brings nearly 2,000,000 tons of coal annually from Derbyshire to London, with an average run of 120 miles at about  $\frac{1}{2}d.$  per mile. The Great Northern Company has a run of about a hundred and sixty miles from South Yorkshire; and the London and North-Western brings coal over a longer distance from Lancashire. The mineral traffic of the North-Eastern Company is enormous and constantly increasing. The officers and directors of all these Companies are incessantly scrutinizing their accounts; and they have never doubted that every increase of mineral traffic tends to the advantage of their shareholders. Within three or four years all the mineral Companies have constructed or encouraged branch lines to coal-fields previously unaccommodated, and during the same time the Great Northern and the London and North-Western Companies have obtained power to make an independent line to the Derbyshire coal-field. In Scotland the Caledonian and North British Companies are eagerly competing for the supply of Glasgow and other markets; and an independent Company has been formed for the purpose of giving additional accommodation to the Bothwell coal-field; yet no railway expert has ever suspected that the Companies were disinterested public benefactors. The *Edinburgh* projector is not unprepared to find a practical use for the mare's nest which he has discovered. He is convinced that canals furnish the proper mode of carrying minerals, and he laments that about two-fifths of the total mileage of canals has been appropriated by Railway Companies. In this instance he has forgotten the interest of his clients, the shareholders, to become a champion of consumers and freighters. If canal carriage is cheaper than railway carriage, it might be supposed that it would be used to the utmost possible extent by Railway Companies which own canals; yet it is notorious that in the majority of cases the railways supersede water-carriage. It may be added that coal brought by railway is gradually displacing sea-borne coal, which has no tolls to pay, not only in the London market, but in the Southern counties as far as the coast of the Channel. The freighters are satisfied; the Companies are satisfied; but the *Edinburgh* Reviewer has convinced himself that both are mistaken; and he will probably find disciples, for there is nothing too paradoxical to be believed if only it seems to reflect discredit on railway administration. Those who are acquainted with traffic managers will be slow to believe that they are a body of innocent dupes. Mr. LOWE informs Civil Engineers once a year that they are the salt of the earth. Perhaps he may hereafter condescend to relieve from the charge of helpless stupidity the ALLPORTS, the OAKLEYS, the FORBESSES, the GRIERSONS, and the UNDERDOWNS.

#### AN IRISH SHINDY.

**T**HE riot at Limerick, in which the Home Rulers and Nationalists mauled each other the other day, is in itself perhaps a very paltry matter, but it is highly instructive as an illustration of Irish character and of what would naturally be the result of giving over Ireland to the Irish. There is an old saying, which is in fact the recurring lesson of Irish political history, that, whenever an Irishman has to be roasted, there is always an Irishman ready to turn the spit. If Mr. BUTT and his friends had their way, the bloodshed which has just stained the streets of Limerick would probably be extended to other regions, and it is only

the authority of the Government which keeps the different sections of Irishmen from flying at each other's throats. It is just as well that a sense of this danger should be brought home, not merely to Liberals on this side of the Channel who may be tempted to coquet with sedition for party purposes, but to the Irish themselves. Nothing can be more unfair than to identify the great body of the people of Ireland with the extravagance and violence of certain classes of agitators, and of the ignorant mob who are misled by them; but the difficulty of dealing with at least some sections of the population is shown, not only in this disgraceful riot, but in the perverse and systematic endeavour of Irish juries to obstruct the course of justice by refusing to return a verdict of guilty even in the clearest and most atrocious cases of murder. The distinction between the Home Rulers and the Nationalists or Fenians is apparently only one of form rather than of substance. They both wish to see Ireland placed under an independent Government; but the Home Rulers profess to be willing to try what can be done by political agitation, while the Nationalists scorn such humble-minded ways, and demand the liberation of their country as a matter of right, which, if necessary, they are prepared to enforce. It is not surprising that on neither side are the objects in view very candidly avowed. The Home Rulers, however gentle themselves, naturally feel the necessity of competing with the Nationalists, and the latter have reasons of their own for not too openly acting the part of Fenians. The Roman Catholic clergy, alarmed by the outbreak of Fenianism—a conspiracy which repudiated their authority—have steadily supported the Home Rulers, as a weapon which may be used against the British Government without compromising their character for loyalty; and in the case of the recent demonstration at Limerick the Roman Catholic Bishop and a number of his clergy expressed approval of the intended proceedings. The Home Rulers had apparently, in the first instance, no expectation of being attacked; but a private warning which had been sent to the leaders received confirmation from an attack which was immediately afterwards made on the place where the Home Rule bandsmen kept their instruments with a view to render them useless. On Sunday last a formal defiance to the Home Rulers was placarded in Limerick, and it was reported that reinforcements were being collected from Tipperary by Nationalist agents. Nevertheless the Home Rulers on Monday mustered in great force and paraded the streets with fourteen bands of music. Their procession was suddenly attacked by a party of Nationalists, about a hundred in all, who drew out sticks from under their coats, and began what is described as "a tremendous onslaught on the processionists." The latter fell back for a moment, and then pelted their assailants with stones. A fierce contest, it is said, ensued, and the peaceful citizens "fled in terror when they "saw men and women lying insensible, and the street "stained with blood"; but it is not improbable that the violence of the conflict has been somewhat exaggerated. After the disturbance had been put down Mr. BUTT delivered an address which had apparently been prepared in expectation of a more agreeable meeting. He actually expressed pride at the triumphant reception given to him, as proving that no violence would mar or dissension disturb the councils of Ireland in its path of freedom. It may be well for Mr. BUTT to deprecate violence and dissension, but it is evident that they cannot be left out of account in any calculation of probabilities in Ireland. As long as there is a Home Rule party there is sure to be a Nationalist party, and if by any chance these two parties were amalgamated, a third would no doubt immediately discover an opening for itself. Even if political differences were healed, personal jealousy would sow the seeds of abundant dissensions. We need only go back to the old Irish Parliament to see how the national leaders continually turned on each other from motives of rivalry and ambition. The fight at Limerick is a significant indication of the spirit in which the various Irish factions, if left to themselves, would proceed to adjust their differences. Public questions would be discussed with bludgeons and stones, and the most effectual argument would be to crack an adversary's crown. It must be remembered that the outbreak at Limerick is by no means an isolated and exceptional occurrence. There have been other cases in which Home Rulers and Nationalists have come to blows; and if such things are done in the green tree, it is easy to imagine what would be done in the dry.

Mr. BUTT's speech is also instructive as forecasting the

sort of policy which might be expected from an independent Irish Government. He drew a melancholy picture of the state of various parts of Ireland which had once been the seats of busy industry, but had now ceased to be so. He pointed to the Shannon, and asked how many ships would be on its waters if it were in England. "Would they be 'debating now whether we should have an American 'packet station on the Shannon, or would it be referred 'to the miserable arbitration of five merchants to say 'whether that magnificent river was to be one of the great 'ports of the world? Would it be a question whether 'Galway or Limerick should be a Transatlantic station? Both would be Transatlantic packet stations if Ireland 'had a native Parliament to foster native industry 'and enterprise." It is with such visions as these that Mr. BUTT and his friends endeavour to flatter and delude their countrymen. Ireland has at present every reasonable opportunity of developing her resources, and in point of fact they have been largely developed in recent years. Mr. BUTT remarked very truly that he had seen many projects for the improvement of Ireland break down which had been started with the fairest hopes; but he forgot that schemes inspired by patriotic enthusiasm, without regard to the practical conditions of success, are not very likely to flourish. Everybody knows that, if it were possible to convert Limerick or Galway into a flourishing port, there would be no difficulty in finding capitalists who would be glad of so profitable an investment, and Mr. BUTT could not do better than employ his eloquence in demonstrating the feasibility of such a scheme. Nothing, however, can be more pernicious than the idea that it is possible for a Government to do for a country what the country is unable or unwilling to do for itself. Mr. BUTT affects to look to "the spirit of freedom and the "power of self-government" to foster the energies of the country; but it is evident that he also contemplates other agencies. There can be very little doubt that one of the first things which an Irish Parliament would do would be to waste the resources of the country in subsidies to all sorts of speculative enterprises, and in protection to special articles of trade; and it is easy to conceive the manner in which the favours would be distributed, and the kind of strife to which they would give rise.

It seems to us impossible that at the present day the condition of Ireland can be regarded as purely an Irish question; but it would be well if Irishmen themselves would seriously consider the prospects which would lie before them if there were any chance of the dreams of Home Rule being realized. It may be presumed that when the leaders of that party talk of an Irish Parliament, they have in view a Parliament in which they will themselves be in the ascendant; but no impartial person can observe the language and conduct of this set of men without seeing how utterly destitute they are of those qualities of intelligence and character which are essential to even the lowest kind of statesmanship. It is impossible to imagine a more striking and conclusive argument against Home Rule than the exhibition which the Home Rulers are good enough to make of themselves, and there must surely be some considerable number of people in Ireland shrewd and sensible enough to understand the fatal peril of ever falling into such hands. It is curious to observe the inconsistency of Mr. BUTT's remarks with regard to the British Parliament. He said he had come back from it with the conviction deepened and intensified that never would Ireland have prosperity, contentment, and freedom until her people recovered the power of making their own laws. Yet in the next sentence he spoke of the smallness of the majority against the proposals for Parliamentary and municipal reform as virtually a triumph, and said that he expected that both measures would be carried. When we put these statements together, they come to this, that Mr. BUTT despairs of ever getting justice for Ireland from the British Parliament, although he admits that whenever he has a plausible case it receives fair attention. If, instead of vapouring about Home Rule, and doing all they can by low tricks and dodges to obstruct business in the House of Commons, the Home Rule members would avail themselves in a candid and conciliatory manner of their opportunities of procuring beneficial legislation for their country, they would have a better claim to the title of patriots. As it is there is little chance of Ireland making a proper use of her political influence until she awakes to that sense of self-respect which would make her ashamed of a large number of her present representatives.

#### FACTORY DIFFICULTIES.

**I**F Mr. Cross is really bent upon recasting the whole body of factory legislation next Session he will have abundance of work upon his hands. The confusion in which the whole subject is at present involved would of itself give the consolidator no small trouble. The overlapping of jurisdictions, on the one side of the officers whose business it is to enforce the various Factory and Workshop Regulation Acts, and on the other side of the School Boards, answering as it does to a meaningless and mischievous diversity of obligations on the part of parents, makes it impossible to deal with the question comprehensively until some conclusion has been arrived at with regard to educational compulsion. The accumulated proofs that the majority of the dangers at present arising, whether from machinery or from unwholesome processes of manufacture, are strictly preventable impose a new duty upon the Government, while the corresponding growth of evidence that the workpeople often dislike the necessary precautions makes its fulfilment additionally difficult. And, to crown all, there is too much reason to believe that the obstacles thrown in the way of the Government Inspectors are largely due to the unwillingness of the local magistracy to enforce the law.

The contents of the half-yearly Reports of the Inspectors of Factories make it increasingly clear that the first step towards any real reform is to relieve them of one whole section of their present duties. Mr. REDGRAVE gives a piteous account of the anomalies with which he has to deal, or rather with which he is powerless to deal, in the matter of attendance at school. In many of the agricultural districts handicrafts of various sorts are carried on, and the children employed in them are subject to the regulations of the Workshops Acts, and are consequently compelled to attend school. These same children, when they leave their handicraft and take work from a farmer, come under the Agricultural Children's Act, and consequently, the Act being in all but a very few places wholly inoperative, are not compelled to attend school. Mr. REDGRAVE naturally finds it difficult to convince a widow, struggling for subsistence by straw-plaiting, that the law is fair which makes her send her child to school before it is allowed to earn a few pence a week, and imposes no similar stipulation in the case of her neighbour, whose child is employed in agriculture. In some districts the only result of setting up a School Board has been to deprive the Factory Acts of some of their stringency, the School Board having power to exempt children from attendance at school at twelve, while the Workshops Act enacts that they shall remain at school till thirteen. One result of this inconsistency is that a child who is kept at home or allowed to idle about the streets may claim the benefit of the exemption, while, if the child finds work at a factory, the obligation of sending it to school revives. Thus as long as a child of twelve is of no use either to its parents or to its employer, its education may be neglected; so soon as it becomes of use to either, its education is at once resumed. The only remedy for these inconsistencies—irregularities which do so much to bring the law into disrepute—is to reduce all the many shapes which the process of getting children to school against their own will and against their parents' will now assumes into some regular and uniform obligation, regularly and uniformly enforced. If every parent were compelled to send his child to school up to a certain age, there would be no need for sending Inspectors all over the country to see, not that children go to school, but only that children employed in certain industries go to school. The time of the Factory Inspectors would then be left free for those parts of their work which already make greater demands on them than they are well able to answer. There is quite enough to occupy their full energy in the investigation of cases in which children above the school age have been kept at work for more than the legal number of hours, or in which the protection against avoidable accidents which workmen in factories may claim from their employers is illegally withheld.

The difficulties which beset an Inspector in bringing home charges of overwork are forcibly shown in a Report from one of Mr. BAKER's Sub-Inspectors. This officer hears that a young Polish Jewess has been kept at work for twelve hours on Sunday, for twelve hours again on Monday and on Tuesday, and Wednesday for twenty-four hours at a stretch. The girl swears to these facts, and as

regards the Sunday her testimony is borne out by the evidence of the woman with whom she lived, who swears that a messenger came from the tailor to say that she must come to work at once, and that she did not return till after ten at night. The case is dismissed because two friends of the defendant swear that on the Sunday the girl did no work at all, while a woman whose sweetheart works for the defendant swears that she went to the shop at 11 o'clock on Tuesday night, and saw the girl sitting there, not working. In another case a Jew tailor was charged with working a girl after 9 P.M. The Sub-Inspector went to the workshop at 9:45 P.M., saw the workroom lighted up, and heard the noise of sewing-machines. He could not get admission for some minutes, and was then told that the girl he was inquiring for had gone home. Noticing a suspicious swelling in a bed which stood in the room, he turned down the clothes and found the girl completely dressed. This case also broke down, because the girl swore that she had left off work at 9 P.M., and instead of going home, had lain down under the bedclothes to cure a headache. It would not have argued any special incredulity on the part of the magistrates if they had refused to believe the evidence for the defence in either of these cases. The inducements to girls not to inform against their employers are very strong, and where, as in both these instances, a girl, even on the defendants' own showing, is found on the premises at unlawful hours, it is not an unnatural presumption that she was there for the purpose of doing work. Neither the surroundings of the workshop nor the company of the employer are usually attractive enough to detain girls after their work is over. To all appearance, some modification in the statute is required which shall make the proof of a breach of the law more self-acting.

A large part of these Reports is as usual taken up with details of the injury to health resulting from unwholesome occupations, such as the manufacture of white-lead, and of the mutilations caused by the use of unfenced machinery. As regards the former, a great part of the difficulty arises from the unwillingness of the workmen themselves to take the precautions which are recommended to them. The wearing of respirators very greatly lessens the injury done by breathing in poisonous matters, and the use of over-clothing lessens the action of these same poisonous matters on the skin. But where these respirators and over-suits are provided by the employers the workmen often make difficulties about wearing them, and though conscientious manufacturers insist on these objections going for nothing, there are many of course who think that their obligations are sufficiently fulfilled when they have given their workmen the means of protecting themselves if they like. In some processes it is difficult for the employers to ensure that children are not allowed or ordered by the adult workmen to incur serious risks for the mere purpose of saving a little time or a little trouble. Thus a large number of accidents can be traced to the practice of cleaning machinery whilst in motion. Even when this is strictly forbidden by the master, and printed notices forbidding it have been posted in every room in the factory, the men often order children to break the rule, with the frequent loss of their fingers by way of consequence. It has been suggested to the masters that, in engaging workmen to superintend machines, they should make them sign an agreement to pay, by way of deduction from their wages, a certain compensation to any person who may be injured from this cause. Their answer has been that the men would not consent to any such contract, and that an attempt to require it of them would only lead to a strike. Of course an obvious objection to such a provision would be the difficulty of proving that there was not a tacit understanding between master and man that a certain amount of work was to be done in a given time, and that any regulation which conflicted with this understanding should be disregarded. It would be easy to dismiss a man who failed to get the prescribed minimum of work done, and those who, rather than be dismissed, continued to have the machinery cleaned without any regard to the agreement about compensation in case of accident would feel that the contract, instead of being a means of getting the law more strictly obeyed, was in reality only a means of shifting the cost of disobeying from the master's shoulders to theirs. The whole subject bristles with difficulties; but at the same time it so nearly concerns the health, and even the lives, of a large and important class, that it is not the less the duty of the Government to give it careful and early attention.

## THE FAMILIAR TEMPER.

IT is a saying of Pascal's that in proportion as people are themselves thoughtful and intelligent they find originality in others. Common minds, he observes, see no difference, and think all men alike. This remark throws light on that habit of easy familiarity towards all created things which is to be noticed as a characteristic of common minds, or as constituting the common side of a class of minds that in other respects are not to be included in the same category—a patronizing familiarity as opposed to that deferential posture of mind which is natural where more is assumed than meets the eye, which is respectful as not knowing what may be behind, and as yet undiscerned, in any object to which attention is given. There is a tendency in some people to bring down whatever comes before them to their own level in order to comprehend it, and, in comprehending, to believe that they rise above it. They must find out some quality in which they are equal, if not superior, and adjust all to this scale. Until they can patronize they are at sea; their use of speculation and judgment is to reduce everything to their own standard. This done, they are happy. In what they do understand they lose the thought of what is beyond them. Nothing tends more to self-complacency than divesting things of their mystery, seeing through and through them and knowing all about them, or, which is the same thing to this sort of people, assuming that they do. By a chemistry of this kind we see the loftiest matters easily disposed of by men of the meanest intelligence, who cannot be at rest under a sense of mystery, not being really able to entertain such an idea otherwise than vaguely, as something uncomfortable and superfluous, to be hustled out of the way and out of sight, and finally ignored and forgotten. So they bring to the front the least august quality of the object before them. They accommodate the point of view to their habit of mind, which is patronage; in patronizing the mystery they set themselves above it. We see this strikingly in the religious language of the vulgar, which always patronizes the object of its professed devotion, as the artificer first made his idol and then bowed down to it. Respect is the one quality always absent in vulgar enthusiasm; it recognizes nothing beyond its own sight or vision, and assumes that it knows all that is to be known, or at least that need be contemplated or dwelt on. As an instance we may take old age as the attribute in greatest favour with the crowds in Gospel Halls and Hallelujah Bands. Of course old age is venerable, but the popular idea of it usually implies patronage. "Old" is the common expression of familiarity, of knowing all about a man. It is the pet prefix; brothers and sisters, boys and girls, call one another "old"; and it always means, if we go deep enough, a perfect out-and-out knowledge of the character. The member of the family who is most clearly seen through is called old. Moreover, as applied popularly, the word is never wholly dissociated from weakness or decay, or, at best, from wonder that decay has not set in. In truth, perennial youth is the more fitting idea to attach to things spiritual; and to talk of "the good old Bible" and "the good old Church" is almost to insult them. We feel indulgently towards this promiscuous use of the term in the hymns and devotions of negroes, as an effort of their self-respect endeavouring to place themselves on a level with awful themes and subjects, whether benign or terrible; but their Ole Zions, Ole Moses, Ole Satans, Ole Pharaohs are not phrases to imitate; and we could well have spared the signal example of Mr. Gladstone's wide range of sympathies shown some time since in a popular address, where he warned the assembly not to seek the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart in art or science, but in something which in a well-known hymn is called "The old, old story," and referred his hearers, who encouraged him with their cheers, to the teaching of the old, old story to be found in the Good old Book. The Gospel is not an old story; it is good news, and, if half the Bible bears this epithet, it is emphatically explained why; because the new supersedes it, and that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away. And, as the New Testament is always new and the Gospel always news, so is the Church never old, but always the Bride. We may properly enough call the fabric old, because it is an admitted fact that fabrics decay, but never the living body.

This turn of mind, where it exists, exercises itself on the whole sphere of observation. The habit of appropriation, of connecting self with the thing observed, and so establishing a ground of easy familiarity, is self-assertion, and therefore is not likely, when once it has got a hold, to die out for want of practice. The word *dear* is constantly applied to the same use as *old*, as indeed are many other cognate epithets. Used playfully and by chance, it is a pleasant expletive, but the habitual recourse to it betokens the patronizing turn of mind, as is shown by the instinct of choosing out the least dignified quality in the object thus taken to the bosom of intimacy. Thus we hear of the "dear old man"; the "dear little fellow"; "this dear old beau of mine," as Miss Austen makes Mrs. Elton say. Persons more or less distinguished, and intellectually or socially superior, are often taken down and brought to the speaker's level by this method. The use of the Christian name where intimacy does not sanction such freedom is a very marked habit of the familiar temper; it is a favourite means of self-assertion, of saying "I am at least as good as you." There may have been a time when the liberty was not a liberty; but the habit is clung to the more resolutely the less it harmonizes with present relations, often jarring on the listeners' ears with an annoyance beyond what reason justifies. But the truth is, our Christian name is one of our most private and personal possessions; and as it is, as is often asserted, among the most delicious of sen-

sations to hear it first used where an increase of intimacy, or more than intimacy, is desired, so it offends the ear where the right is assumed on grounds in which we cannot acquiesce. This personal aspect of the question lies indeed in the background; but it probably quickens our sympathy when we hear the liberty taken with another in cases where it amounts, as it sometimes does, to an outrage. But if this method of singling out and establishing a personal relation where none such fairly exists is irritating on the one hand, the familiar, free and easy temper can shock our taste equally in the opposite direction by classing in a lump persons who have a right to be individualized. It is a failure in manners to convey the impression that you class indiscriminately as one of a number or multitude, with no further recognition of him, a man who has arrived at the age and station to be known as himself; and this is an incivility very common with people of this temper, who act on the same principle whether they put themselves on an equality with a superior by too familiar a designation, or attempt to place themselves above their equals by ignoring their individuality. Of course there are cases of the use of this easy tone where the impulse belongs to human nature collectively, where there is no private or personal end, but a united effort to assert a common humanity. All great men who play a conspicuous part before the world are distinguished by some epithet, abbreviation, or nickname used to bring them down to a level, on some one or more points, with the meanest. When the English army called Wellington Old Nosey, and the French called Napoleon *le petit caporal*, it was a natural effort to suggest that their conquering heroes were but men after all, men like themselves, with the conditions of ordinary humanity varied only by some undignified eccentricity. Such natural vents of feeling are a necessity; without them the world could not stand the various tyrannies under which it is governed.

This tone is absolutely opposed to the poetical temperament. For, while shallow minds lose all thought of what may be deep and hidden, in the hurry to establish some personal relation to what is beyond and above them, and are thus led instinctively to attach their observation and interest on the obvious or the weak side, the poetical spirit always assumes more than it sees, and approaches every object with reverence and a strong belief that much is hidden from view. Poetry guesses, and still thinks that more remains behind; the familiar, patronizing temper believes what it sees to be all, or that what lies unseen can be inferred at a glance from what lies open before it. Take, for instance, the field of observation that lies out of doors, and is only indirectly connected with humanity. The one temper professes to understand all that it sees; the other bows before a mystery hidden everywhere. It is the way with some people to interpret every action of the lower creation, to account for every movement, to give a reason for all that puzzles other folks. The designs, motives, affections, antipathies, inclinations, of birds, beasts, and fishes, are a printed book to them. It is a busy, cheerful habit of thought, and one can hardly say that there is any harm in it; yet it excites a certain feeling of irritation, and a sympathy towards the creatures thus analysed, which is probably the result of a sense of personal grievance—our turn may come next. That every created thing has a secret not to be penetrated is our counter argument against this audacious insight. Everything has its incomprehensible side, its mystery not to be reached by professed interpreters. To acknowledge no such *arcana* is an outrage on the universal reserve. One is sometimes almost disposed to resent for a robin, a spider, or a worm, this affection of absolute intimacy, this knowing the why and the wherefore of everything. Horatio was probably one of these too clever philosophers, provoking Hamlet at last to the immortal set-down. Poetry is as observant as these self-wise observers, but stops short of explaining and accounting for all things. It is not ashamed of ignorance, and is contented to give its guesses simply for guesses; dignifying by the recognition of a hidden unattainable meaning all that it cannot comprehend. Wordsworth has happily expressed this perplexity in his pastoral of the "Pet Lamb," where little Barbara Lewthwaite is made to speculate on the lamb still tugging at its cord after she had done all that human thought could do for its ease and delight:

It will not, will not rest! Poor creature can it be  
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee?  
Things that I know not of belie to thee are dear,  
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear.

True intimacy is the test, whether the subject be man or beast. Everything has a character of its own, superadded to its character as one of a species. Nothing can be read offhand. The whole matter is a question of the state of mind. Where there is no undue self-assertion our taste will not be offended. The point of course is where, and before whom, to patronize. We all patronize and read each other off in the sanctity of real intimacy. What we object to is the habit which transgresses these bounds and takes a stand, whether towards things or persons, which the reality of the position does not warrant.

#### A CENTURY OF AMERICAN RELIGION.

THE close connexion of religious and political ideas is a commonplace both of philosophy and of history, and, in spite of all appearances or presumptions to the contrary, it is not less strikingly exemplified in the annals of the New World than of the Old. The elder Adams showed a sound instinct when he advised

the Abbé Mably not to treat the War of Independence without first mastering the Church system of New England; and another acute critic of American society and political economist argues from his observations of it the necessity of a harmony between the religious and political schemes suited to a people. The religion of a people has in fact always, and especially since the introduction of Christianity into the world, been an integral part of its history. And there is perhaps no period to which this remark more obviously applies than to the last century. The wild attempt of the old French revolutionists to obliterate the very name and memory of the Christian faith from the human mind seems only to have foreshadowed, if it did not introduce, a time when, in the vulgar cant of a school of modern writers, "the religious question is the order of the day." Nor is the force of this observation at all diminished by the fact, if such it be, that a great deal of the anti-Catholic or anti-Christian feeling prevalent in France just now is due to the abiding influence of the two great writers who are at once the masters of French style in its two predominant forms, and the leaders of perhaps the most formidable assault ever made on Christianity—Rousseau and Voltaire. For in no countries are politics and religion so inextricably mixed up at this moment as in Germany and France. But if we cast back our glance on the last century of European history, the prominent part played by religious ideas in its development becomes more signally conspicuous. Since the temporary downfall of the whole ecclesiastical system in France, every European country has been disturbed by some variety of the great contest between Church and State which shook Christendom to its foundations in the days of Hildebrand. In the South the Pope has been finally stripped of the temporal sovereignty enjoyed by his predecessors for upwards of a thousand years; in the North a great Protestant Empire has come into being which treats his spiritual authority with as little respect as Italy has shown to his civil crown. In our own country the air has been ringing with the din of religious controversies both in the civil and the ecclesiastical sphere. The repeal of the Test Acts, Catholic Emancipation, Irish Disestablishment, are the outward symbols of a religious revolution which found expression in the spiritual domain in those two great movements, the Evangelical and Tractarian, that have swept successively over the face of the Established Church and have left on it their indelible traces, while the second is still in active operation. The same fermentation of thought which in one case gave birth to the French Revolution, and in another to the Catholic or Catholicizing reaction in England and France, has issued in Germany in a rapid succession of philosophical and theological schools, which it would take us too far from our immediate subject even to recount, still more to characterize. What, then, during this century of keen religious enthusiasm and conflict in Europe has been the religious condition of our Transatlantic brethren? They had rejected, we know, with angry disdain, the bloated aristocracies and pampered hierarchies of the Old World. But what was said of nature may be applied as truly to religion—*expellas furcā, tamen usque recurret.*

A remarkable paper which has appeared in the Centennial number of the *North American Review* may help us to answer this question. "It belongs," says Leiber, "to American liberty to separate entirely from the political government the institution which has for its object the support and diffusion of religion." Yet even to this day the programme has been but imperfectly carried out, and it remains to be seen whether it will be found capable of easier application in the future. At the time of the Revolution there was some sort of civil recognition of the religious principle in all the thirteen Colonies, though not the same in all. Everywhere there were religious tests, and in the Southern colonies the Episcopal Church enjoyed a legal status; in New Jersey and New York, though not formally established, it basked in the full sunshine of official favour and support; in Delaware and Pennsylvania the franchise was denied to all who did not profess faith in Christ; in Maryland, founded on principles of complete toleration by a Roman Catholic, the rites of Catholic worship were strictly forbidden. Nor was this state of things entirely or abruptly swept away by the Revolution. On the contrary, the constitution of every State framed under the Declaration of Independence, except that of New York, retained some connexion of Church and State. The exclusion of Roman Catholics from the franchise for a time survived in all. In Maryland and Massachusetts belief in the Christian religion was required for all public offices; in Pennsylvania a belief in God and in the inspiration of the Bible; in Delaware a belief in the Holy Trinity; in Georgia and the Carolinas a profession of Protestantism; in Maryland and South Carolina the State recognized the duty of supporting religion. And publicists and statesmen still maintained in the strongest terms the absolute necessity in every well-ordered State of the public support of Christian worship and its ministers. Simeon Howard of Boston even insisted that a Government which neglected this obligation was guilty of "a daring affront to Heaven." Chief Justice Parsons and Judge Story spoke in the same sense. The great change which has occurred since then is attributed to three co-operating causes; partly, of course, to the progress of the modern theory of a purely secular State, but partly also to the practical difficulties arising from the great number and diversity of religious organizations in America, and from the conscientious objection entertained by some of these sects to the acceptance of any civil recognition or support. The result may be traced in the difference

between the language of the Declaration of Independence, which includes a solemn appeal to the Supreme Judge of the world, and of the (later) Federal Constitution, which contains no reference to religion, except in the shape of a strict prohibition of all religious tests. And the legislation of the separate States was gradually revised on the same model. For the first time, therefore, since the establishment of Christianity under Constantine, all the different Christian communions were left free to jostle each other on equal terms; and it becomes on all accounts an interesting inquiry, how their relative strength asserted itself under these novel conditions.

At the beginning of the Revolution four large bodies towered conspicuously above the rest—the Congregationalists, Baptists, Anglicans, and Presbyterians. First in influence and numbers came the Congregationalists, with some seven hundred churches, and a well-trained ministry who prided themselves on their learning, and enjoyed a high social standing and authority. Next in numerical strength, but at a long interval, must be reckoned the Baptists, with about half the number of churches, and insisting, unlike the Congregationalists, on the claims of "lowly preaching," and an unlearned ministry. Third in order stood what was known as "the Church of England in the Colonies," which was the oldest religious body in the country, and embraced a majority of the higher classes. But, notwithstanding the political support and prestige it had hitherto enjoyed, it had a fatal element of weakness in the want of a native Episcopate, and in its consequent dependence on the mother-country for its supply of clergy, who were always more or less liable to the suspicion of subserviency to the political designs of the Home Government. It appears also that in Virginia and Maryland, where the Church was most powerful, the careless lives of the clergy had alienated popular sympathy; and when the Revolution came, their influence was still further damaged by their impolitic, though no doubt conscientious, adherence, as a body, to British interests; many of them even scrupled, like the Nonjurors in England a century earlier, to take the oaths required by the new Constitution or to omit the prayers for the King from the public service. In Pennsylvania Dr. White was for some time the only clergyman. The Presbyterians were about equal in the number of their laity, though not of their clergy, to the Episcopalians, and had some three hundred churches, their main strength lying in the Middle States, and their original members being almost exclusively of Scotch or Irish extraction. They aspired, like the Congregationalists, to a learned ministry, but their preachers were carefully trained to speak without notes, and so strong was the objection to written sermons "that a man's reputation would be ruined should his manuscript be seen." Unlike the Episcopalians, they took the popular side in the Revolution, in accordance with their democratic principles. The remaining Protestant bodies were of very inferior importance, while the whole number of Roman Catholic clergy in the country did not exceed twenty-six, and the Catholic service was only solemnized publicly in Philadelphia. If we contrast the relative position of these various communities a century ago and now, the change is very remarkable. The Congregationalists, who then doubled the size of any other body, now stand seventh, while the Wealeyans, who were then nowhere, rank conspicuously first. The Baptists are still second in numerical order, and the Presbyterians come third; but then follow Roman Catholics, "Christians," Lutherans, Congregationalists, Episcopalians. Tested, however, by the number, not of "sittings," but of churches, the Congregationalists and Episcopalians would come next to the Roman Catholics, while, according to the standard of Church property, the Roman Catholics rank second and the Episcopalians fifth. But for a due appreciation of their comparative numbers we must bear in mind the growth of population, which has multiplied eleven-fold during the interval, while the churches have multiplied thirty-seven-fold, presenting now 72,000 churches for a population of 38 millions, or one church for every 529 souls, instead of 1,950 churches for 34 millions or one for every 1,700 souls. It is certainly a striking illustration of the working of the voluntary principle, that a Church which seemed at the time to be shipwrecked by the Revolution, and which, moreover, had previously been accustomed to depend mainly on State support, should now rank fifth in the amount of its property. As the writer to whom we have referred observes, in America "the Church of Hooker and Tillotson has certainly shown herself able to go alone." But still more remarkable are the rich endowments of the Methodists and Roman Catholics, who a century ago had nothing at all. These statistics go far to prove, on the most superficial view, that the ecclesiastical and hierarchical principle is not dependent for its vitality on State connexion or support. On the other hand, the violent religious controversy about the education question which is raging at this moment in the United States, and which must at no distant date challenge the attention of the Legislature, would sufficiently illustrate, if any proof were needed, the practical impossibility of drawing a sharp line of demarcation, under whatever system of established or unestablished Churches, between secular and ecclesiastical polities. On the internal development of religion in America during this same period we may have something to say on a future occasion.

#### A HAPPY DAY.

**PICTURESQUE** writers have often described in attractive colours the delights of a public holiday, when careworn toil casts off its usual grimy costume and disports itself in primitive gaiety of heart. It is pleasantly supposed that on such occasions the

hard-worked artisan obtains a necessary respite from labour and fatigue, and returns to his everyday tasks refreshed and invigorated. Judging, however, from the experience of successive Bank holidays, it may be doubted whether holiday-makers really derive so much pleasure and exhilaration from these festivals as is theoretically assumed. There can of course be no question as to the good intentions with which the Bank Holidays Act was passed, but the practical conditions under which it is carried out are certainly not conducive to enjoyment. As far as Easter is concerned, it would be impossible to choose a more inappropriate season of the year for holiday-making. The weather is almost invariably dank and dismal, and unfavourable for excursions, especially in the case of people who cannot make sure of shelter. Good Friday of course stands by itself, and nothing can be more natural and proper than that business should be suspended on that day. But there is no reason why Easter Monday should be made a statutory holiday on its own account, and it is obvious that it falls at a time of year which is absurdly unsuitable for holiday purposes. It is simply throwing away a holiday to take it at such a season; and, indeed, we believe that the Eastertide holidays, coming as they do at a period when they cannot be comfortably used for open-air recreation, do much more harm than good. The public-houses offer a tempting retreat from the inclemency of the weather, there is a vast expenditure on liquor and very little real pleasure, and a large majority of the holiday people go back to work, not invigorated, but fagged and exhausted, and with a loss in pocket, health, and spirits. In short, a holiday which later on would be agreeable and beneficial is at Easter simply a weariness of the flesh, suggesting hopes of enjoyment only to disappoint them. It would be interesting to ascertain how much money is foolishly spent at this time, and how many cases of rheumatism, bad colds, and other sickness are due to exposure to the treacherous weather which usually prevails. Apart, however, from the special disadvantages of holiday-making at Easter, there is something in the nature of a universal holiday which is necessarily destructive of enjoyment. There is no doubt for many people a certain fascination in gregarious amusements; but any one who has seen the tumult and confusion which are caused by overcrowding at the favourite places of resort on a general holiday can hardly fail to come to the conclusion that this source of enjoyment is decidedly overdone. The crowd has to fight for places in the railway trains, to do battle for refreshments, and is all day long engaged in a constant physical struggle which must have a very irritating effect on nerves and temper, and is utterly opposed to the idea of salutary recreation. It requires very little consideration to see that, if large bodies of people insist upon making holiday on the same day, they must expect to find themselves very much in each other's way. The accommodation which is sufficient at ordinary times is quite inadequate when invaded by such a multitude, and hence the conflict for beer, and the perpetual warfare of the railway trains. If the holiday folk could only agree to take their pleasure in moderate-sized detachments, they might be comfortably served; but when they go out *en masse* they render it impossible to supply their wants with any approach to comfort or even decency. Besides, as the holiday becomes more general it is continually bringing a larger proportion of the community within its range; and every year the number of people willing to work on such an occasion is steadily decreasing. Thus we find it stated that on Monday last there was a marked scarcity of cabs in the streets, most of the cab-masters having given their men a holiday. There is no reason why, as the passion spreads, other classes may not insist on joining in the holiday, which will then be universal in a curious way. On the other hand, there must be a large body of people who, though compelled to suspend business on these days, are debarred from getting any enjoyment out of them, and are driven to immure themselves at home on account of the general uproar, confusion, and obstruction of the ordinary means of communication.

Some of the newspapers have given very full accounts of the sort of amusements provided for the public on Easter Monday, and we must say that they leave on the mind an unpleasant impression of monotonous vulgarity. Those who have a weakness for the kind of pastime associated with recollections of Greenwich Fair may be consoled for the suppression of the booths and mountebanks on their old site. An enterprising manager has, it seems, been holding what he calls "a grand Carnival" in the neighbourhood of Kensal Green. The programme, we find, "embraced all the sports of ancient Rome—chariot racing, Roman racing, men standing upon bare-backed horses, pony racing, flat and hurdle racing by thoroughbred horses, and Great Elephant Race." The visitors to this scene of delight could, it appears, choose between "three Circus Rings and three Circus Companies performing at one time." Then there were "Fire Kings and Salamanders," a "great Stag Hunt with a real stag and pack of hounds," a grand ascent of three monster balloons at one time, and a great collection of wild beasts, the whole concluding with a display of fireworks. "Seven hours of enjoyment" of this kind were offered by the spirited entertainer for the small charge of a shilling. Again, we find that "the largest combination of Star Artists ever seen in London" was to be seen at the Agricultural Hall, where the programme included races between bicycles and ponies, French wrestling, "Colleen on the invisible wire," a troupe of acrobats, a Royal Regiment of performing dogs, flying clowns and bar performers, Russian lady skaters, a great trotting match of five miles, ridden by professional jockeys, and two military bands. It must not be supposed, however, that the more pretentious institutions for cultivating a taste for art and science allow the ordinary showmen to get the better of them. At the Alexandra Palace, which was to do such great things in the

way of elevating the public mind, the public was offered "twelve hours' constant amusement, wet or fine," of which the following were the chief elements. First, a negro dwarf, who, we are told by an admiring reporter, "can be seen without any of those unpleasant feelings which nature's freaks on mankind sometimes produce." Next there was "a marvellous equine phenomenon" in the shape of the hairless horse Caoutchouc; and we have the assurance of a respectable journal that, as "the smallest silver coin will admit to the presence of either curiosity, possibly many visitors will not be content without seeing both." The Alexandra also boasts of a trained animal show, which appears to have afforded great delight to the representative of the *Times*. "Some of the feats," says this simple-minded person, "performed by members of the troupe were astonishing." One of these astonishing feats was a monkey dancing on a tight-rope, and a dog which rode on a pony; but it is odd that the *Times*, which did not in other days think it worth while to devote its columns to the booths of Greenwich Fair, should now be so impressed with such cheap marvels. "A dog," we are further told, "danced so admirably as for a time to make one fancy it was human." The audience at the Alexandra Palace also had an opportunity of "revelling," as the *Daily News* puts it, "in sweet sounds," these being provided by the concentrated noise of four brass bands and the grand organ. The Crystal Palace was equally energetic in keeping up its well-known reputation for high art and refinement. "Mdlle. Rose Lee went through some very graceful evolutions on the low rope"; there were negro serenaders and acrobats, French clowns, performers on the bicycle, a stage Irishman of the Epsom Downs type, and so on. It is melancholy to reflect that, after all the fine things we used to hear about this and other kindred enterprises, they should have sunk to this depth of vulgarity and degradation; and it is perhaps still more surprising, though not without a painful significance, that respectable newspapers should lend themselves to the puffery of acrobats and dancing dogs. Why are the *Punch* and *Judy* shows in the streets and the "Happy Family" neglected? The *Daily News* even stoops so low as to publish a flattering notice of Cremorne, and we may expect that it will next give a glowing account of the Argyll Rooms. We hardly know whether Dr. Kenealy's gathering of the rabble in Hyde Park is to be included among the amusements of Easter. But the silly fellows who went about with placards asking (quite superfluously) "Are you surprised to find we are some of the fools and fanatics?" were certainly grotesque enough. Perhaps, however, the lowest and most disgusting entertainment of the day was the wretched farce, at once ridiculous and brutal, of worrying a tame stag, which was performed under the most distinguished patronage in the neighbourhood of Windsor. Prince Christian honoured it with his presence, and Lord Hardwicke, who might be supposed to have some sense of honest sport, directed the proceedings. That such an institution should survive to this day is certainly a curious commentary on the progress of humanity and civilization. There can be little doubt that, but for the auspices under which it is carried on, it would be put down by the police.

That there is at least a considerable section of the public who are capable of deriving pleasure from sights of a higher class is proved by the crowds who visited the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament. It is unfortunate that, of those who went to the Tower, the majority were precluded from seeing it on account of the crowd, and that even the fortunate ones had to be hustled through in batches of thirty every five minutes; and there is a curious perversity in keeping the Houses of Parliament swathed in dingy wrappings when thrown open to the public. It is possible that in the course of time people may learn to make a better use of a holiday, and also that the organization of public amusements may be raised to a higher standard; but in the meantime it may be doubted whether a public holiday is either such a happy or improving day as sentimental people are fond of representing it. It is at least certain that as long as people insist upon all going out on the same day to the same places there will be little chance of peace and comfort.

#### WORKING OF THE JUDICATURE ACT.

THE Judicature Act has now been tested by nearly six months' working, and it may be useful to observe some of the practical questions that have arisen under it. The Acts and Orders are for the most part largely, not to say loosely, drawn, and the Judges have shown commendable caution in using the extensive powers conferred upon them. Pleading is generally allowed to be the weak point of the new system, and it is amusing to find a Judge saying (in effect) that even in the Schedule of Forms annexed to the Orders you would not find anything quite so absurd as the "statement of claim" submitted to him. The new style is something like this:—"The defendant went out to tea with Mrs. Jones, and, after the seventh cup, told her that he owed money to the plaintiff, but meant to resist payment as long as he could." These forms for the most part are neither fish nor flesh; they are too wordy for Common Law and too brief for Equity. The notion that the same method can be applied to a trumpery claim for goods sold and to a suit for the execution of complicated trusts involving property of large value could only be entertained through want of experience in legal business. Happily, errors of theory can be tacitly corrected by the good sense of practitioners.

One of the most valuable provisions of the Orders is that which allows one action to do the work of two. In the last century it was held that a plaintiff who had agreed to build a race-booth for twenty guineas was entitled to recover the whole price, although the booth was so badly constructed that it fell down during the races, and it was admitted that the defendant might bring a cross-action on that account against the plaintiff. After a few years this strict rule was relaxed. A carpenter brought an action against a farmer for work and materials employed in putting a roof on a barn. The defendant offered to prove that the work had been done in a grossly improper manner, and the evidence was admitted. The rule was now laid down that, if there had been no beneficial service, there should be no pay; but if some benefit had been derived, though not to the extent expected, that should go to the amount of the plaintiff's demand. The claim should be co-extensive with the benefit. Afterwards the Courts said that there were exceptions to the practice of allowing the defence of the inferiority of the thing done or supplied to that contracted for, to be applied in reduction of damages. And even where this could be done, the purchaser could not in such a case give evidence of any consequential damage, as, for instance, of the loss of a bargain from the resale of goods. He could only recover such damage by a cross action. Thus stood the law up to the passing of the Judicature Act, and innumerable cases might be cited on this distinction between that which was matter of defence to the seller's action and that which must be matter of action by the purchaser. It would almost seem as if the lawyers' occupation must be gone when all these matters are allowed to be settled in a single action. Experience, however, shows that modern legislation causes more litigation than it cures.

But it is not every claim by a defendant that can be tried in the plaintiff's action. Thus, there was an action for assault and slanderous words, and the defendant set up a counter claim for breach of an agreement to repair. It appeared that the plaintiff and defendant were disputing about the repair of a house, and, in the course of argument, the defendant spat in the plaintiff's face, and called him a thief. The Judge ordered this counter claim to be struck out. In an action on a bill of exchange, the defendant alleged that the plaintiff was suing merely as trustee for another person, who was indebted to him, and he set up a counter claim against that person, and it was allowed. A shareholder in a Limited Company circulated among the other shareholders a letter charging the directors with conspiracy and fraud. The plaintiff, who was one of the directors, sued the author of the letter for libel, and the defendant set up a counter claim for loss sustained in respect of shares bought on false representations. Here the Judge ordered the counter claim to be struck out, on the ground that "it would be very difficult to keep the jury from mixing up the two claims." An action was brought to recover the balance of money due on the sale of a public-house, and the defendant desired to set up a counter claim for the return of money paid as deposit on false representations alleged to have been made by the plaintiff and another person. Thus A. sued B., and B. wished to bring a counter claim against A., and to join C. with him as defendant; and the Act allows this to be done in a proper case. The Judge said that a defendant may set up any counter claim that is not so incongruous as to be incapable of being conveniently tried with the original claim. A claim for the return of deposit-money on the ground of fraud might be very conveniently tried in an action for the balance of purchase money on a sale where the whole defence to the action was on the ground of fraudulent representation by the agent. There would be some delay in the trial owing to the joinder of C., but that could not be avoided. In an action by builders for work done under a contract to build a church, the defendants desired to serve a third party with notice that they claimed indemnity from him; and this the Act allows to be done in a proper case. It was alleged that the architect had ordered costly extras, having no authority to order them, and must therefore indemnify the defendants. Leave was given to serve notice on the architect. The Order under which this was done is likely to have wide application. Thus, suppose an action is brought against a surety, and he claims contribution from another person as co-surety, his course would be to obtain leave to serve a notice on that person. Again, suppose an action brought against the acceptor of a bill of exchange, who claims to be indemnified by another person on the ground that the bill was accepted for his accommodation, the same course might be pursued. And it would be applicable also in the case of an action on a contract of sale, where the defendant claims to be indemnified by another person on the ground that he made the contract as that person's agent.

The defects which have appeared in working the Act are not very considerable, and, as Parliament is sitting, it would not be unreasonable to expect some help from it where necessary. Complaint has been made that the Judges have limited the use of interrogatories in a way that is both inconvenient and illegal. But a recent decision of the Court of Appeal has affirmed the construction placed by the Judges sitting in Chambers on the Orders, and upon the point of convenience there is something to be said both ways. Formerly a Bill in Chancery used to be divided into the "stating and charging" and the "interrogating" part, and the genius of prolixity manifested itself in no more striking way. The defendant was required to answer on oath on every point, although on many no contest was likely to be raised. "Whether the said A. B. did not depart this life on or about such day, or at some other time, and when, and if not, why not, or how otherwise"—this is no great exaggeration of the antique style, which some practitioners, as it seems,

desire to restore. We cannot help thinking that there is much force in Mr. Justice Lindley's objection to go back to the old bad practice of interrogatories in Chancery, particularly as we are now told that brevity is to be the soul of pleading. It is apprehended that the Chancery Judges will not be able to get through their work now that evidence is generally taken *viva voce*; but perhaps further experience may suggest some mitigation of this new practice. There are many questions which may be tried quite as well and more expeditiously by affidavit, and it is only a minority of cases which require examination of witnesses in open court. The expense of unnecessary affidavits, although a serious abuse of the old system, may perhaps turn out to be less than that of bringing up witnesses to London. If a difficulty arises in adjusting the arrangement of business between the Common Law and Chancery divisions, and if the good sense and public spirit of the Judges do not suffice to remove it, recourse might be had to Parliament. But the Judges, or some of them, have been working, we might almost say not wisely but too well, in carrying out the supposed intentions of the Legislature. A Court for trying common-jury cases lately sat at Westminster till everybody was sick of it, and Judges rushed up from circuit and formed a "scratch" Court in *banc* to hear some of the many cases that have arisen on the construction of the Acts and Orders. It would be idle to expect that many such cases would not arise. If there be any possible method of attaining perfection in law-making, it is certainly not the method that is adopted by the British Parliament.

The authors of the Act must not, however, be held responsible for the obstinacy of litigants or the pertinacity of lawyers. The Queen's Bench division was lately occupied with an appeal against the order of a Judge transferring an action to the Chancery division. After reading long affidavits, the Court was enabled to see far enough into the case to affirm the Judge's order, and the appellant had to pay costs. It would be well indeed if no greater fault could be found in the working of the Act than this case presents. As long as foolish or perverse people have money to spend, there will be unnecessary litigation. The same Court was much exercised on the same day with the question whether a Judge had power to order a patent case to be tried before a Judge and scientific assessors, when the defendant insists on trial by jury. If the Court had been supplied with an edition of the Judicature Act which we have had the advantage of consulting, they would have known that, by Order 36, Rule 3, "the Palladium of British liberty" is preserved. It is certain that a defendant has power under this Rule to object to his case being tried in the only way in which it can be tried, and it is highly probable that the Rule was intended to give this power. Parliament may, if it thinks proper, take away this power, but we do not expect that Parliament would think proper. And even if it gave the Judge at Chambers a discretion in this matter, that discretion must be subject to appeal, and on appeal voluminous affidavits would be forthcoming to explain or obscure the nature of the question to be tried. We have already given some instances in which the "third party" clauses of the orders would be practically useful. In further illustration we may mention a class of cases which occurred frequently in the days of the railway mania. A surveyor was employed by a provisional Committee in making surveys and plans for some line which proved abortive, and he picked out some one Committee-man who was tangible and solvent, and sued him for his bill. This Committee-man, being thus compelled to pay the whole amount, sued his fellows, or as many as he could find, for contribution, but he could only do this by separate actions. If such a case occurred now, the "third party" clauses would be applicable to it, at least in the contemplation of the authors of the Act. But in a recent case a Waterworks Company sued a mechanical engineer for damages caused by a defective crank, and the defendant wished to bring before the Court the iron-founder who had forged the crank. The language of these clauses is so wide that it would be rash to say what they do or do not include, but at all events the Court has a discretion to exercise in applying them. The question has not yet been finally decided, and therefore we offer no opinion on it. All we can say is that in many cases these "third party" clauses would be useful. It ought to be added that the *Times* renders public service by its full reports and discussion of questions on the working of the Judicature Act.

#### PARIS THEATRICALS.

PASSION week in Paris must have given a hard blow to the superstition prevalent among a good many English people, that that amusing city is the home of perpetual brightness in its climate as well as in the light-heartedness of its inhabitants. For the greater part of the week the sky was grey and heavy, there was an intermittent fall of snow, sleet, or drizzling rain, the asphalte was slimy with mud, and you were cut through and through by a constant blast of angry wind. Even on the two days when the sun shone out and it was delightful to sit and bask in its warmth within the square of the Palais Royal, the moment one went out into the open streets this wind met one on the bridges or at the corners of streets with all the unpleasantry of an insisting creditor. The dramatic spirit of the Parisians, however, is superior to the accidents of weather, and on Thursday night in last week, when the pavement was thick with half-melted snow—the most penetrating form of dampness and dis-

comfort that can be found—a full audience assembled at the Variétés to see the well-known *Vie Parisienne*, which has been remounted there in consequence of the failure of *Le Roi D'Or*, with its most dramatic act for some inexplicable reason cut out. Hearing this pleasant piece of absurdity again, one cannot help wishing that M. Offenbach had always been as fortunate as he is here in the words for his music, and had taken equal pains with his part of the business. The acting is in the true spirit of burlesque; the most ludicrous and improbable things are done as if their doing were a mere matter of course which would at once suggest itself to any one in the position occupied by the people concerned. Thus when De Gardefeu (M. Cooper) is giving an account to Bobinet (M. Baron) of a ride in the Bois de Boulogne, they both fall naturally into the attitude of a man on a rapidly trotting horse, and it evidently never occurs to them that any other course could be pursued. When they are both dead tired, their exertions are only stopped by one saying to the other, "Si nous allions jusqu'au Cascade?" M. Dupuis, as the Swedish Baron, preserves an imperturbable simplicity and air of foolish wisdom which are intensely ludicrous, and many of the actors manage to sing pleasantly without any voice; an accomplishment which seems almost as peculiar to France as that of keeping an audience amused throughout such a piece as *La Vie Parisienne*.

All the theatres of Paris are closed on Good Friday, and those which enjoy a subvention are closed from Thursday night in Passion week until Easter Sunday—a rule to which the Gaité, not yet under Government protection, submitted itself by way of asserting its future honours. The playgoer driven to the Boulevard on Saturday night might have done worse in a search for amusement than by going to see a "drame in five acts and six tableaux" which is running at the old Théâtre Lyrique, now called the Théâtre Historique. This piece, *La Maison du Pont Notre Dame*, which oddly enough was till a few days ago being played also at a small theatre in the outskirts, is a fair specimen of an old-fashioned melodrama. The leading idea is worthy of better workmanship than has been bestowed upon it by the authors. A young man, Pascal de la Garde, returning home to a large fortune and the prospect of marrying a beautiful girl, is assassinated by his uncle, with the connivance of a rascally innkeeper. Five minutes after the body has been concealed and the uncle has escaped, a man, whom the innkeeper takes at first for the ghost of the victim, comes into the tavern. On recovering from his terror, and learning that the young man is a nameless adventurer (he is, in fact, Pascal's illegitimate brother), the innkeeper, to serve his own ends, proposes that he should personate the dead Pascal, and the deception is carried out. The notion might be worked into a striking play, and such an actor as M. Fechter might play the double part with surprising effect; but the piece as it stands is constructed with wonderful clumsiness, and at inordinate length; and the spectator's amusement at the Théâtre Historique has to be derived chiefly from the players' attempts at impressive acting, and the delight with which well-worn incidents of melodrama are received by the gallery. The house on the bridge of Notre Dame, from which the play takes its name, has two stories, and, as its front is removed for the convenience of the audience, a double action is seen going on inside. It is possible that, with well-arranged mechanism, this device might be effective; at the Théâtre Historique the arrangement of the stage is remarkable for its likeness to a gigantic Punch and Judy show. The street Punch, with its atrocious crimes, bustling action, and final retribution, is indeed the archetype of old-fashioned melodrama; and one cannot help wishing that the actors in *La Maison du Pont Notre Dame* had as little to say as those concerned in Punch. However, the gallery is pleased with the house, and the exciting incidents that take place in it; and when, in another act, there is a combat between four gentlemen and a band of brigands, its enthusiasm knows no bounds.

At the Français M. Got has been playing his old part of Le Duc Job in Léon Lay's play of that name, and thereby proving how far a piece of fine acting can go to redeem a play which is ill constructed and ill written. The drama abounds in long involved sentences, which would be a terrible infliction but for the skill brought to bear upon their delivery. It would be difficult to point to anything that is not admirable in M. Got's performance. He is by turns ironical, impassioned, and pathetic, with the highest success; and he gives interest even to the dullest of the long speeches assigned to him, overcoming the difficulty of their length by a rapidity of utterance which yet is never hurried. In one scene he sits down to breakfast with the usual uncle of comedy; he is overcome with grief, wearied with a sleepless night. He drinks, and the wine gives him a momentary brilliancy, until his exhaustion and the stimulant with which he counteracts it combine to send him into a sudden sleep. Only the very finest acting can rouse one's sympathy for such an incident, and this M. Got fully succeeds in doing. Mlle. Reichemburg, as the girl whom Le Duc Job loves and finally marries, displays a singular grace and tenderness.

Full audiences still flock to hear M. Dumas's exposition of the theory that Providence always intervenes to get rid of an inconvenient ruffian at the desired moment, illustrated by marvellously skilful acting. M. Dumas has seen that the truth of this theory may possibly be doubted, and to one who objects that he has often seen the wicked flourishing, Dr. Rémonin, who propounds the theory, replies, "C'est que vous ne regardez pas assez longtemps." No one can prove that this is not the case;

only in real life one may have to wait a good deal longer for the triumph of virtue than one has in *L'Étrangère*, where the difficulty is of course solved in the last act. But in this play, as in many others of M. Dumas, it does not strike one that the virtue which triumphs has much more claim upon one's esteem than the vice which meets with punishment. A change has been made in the final winding up of the piece since the first nights, when, after Clarkson the American had killed De Septmonts in a duel without witnesses, the mysterious Mistress Clarkson relieved her husband from all difficulties by using her authority, whatever that might be, as a member of the secret police. Now she contents herself with saying that she will take care of his affairs, and the one explanation is about as plausible as the other. One or two little blunders which do not strike one on first seeing an exciting play come into view after it has been acted for some time. For instance, a good point is made by Clarkson, on being introduced to the Duke de Septmonts, gruffly saying, "Bon jour, monsieur," clapping his hat on his head and walking out of the room. An Englishman in Clarkson's position, and overwhelmed with business, might do this, but the instinct of an American is to be extremely ceremonious when he is introduced to a stranger. Again, when Clarkson challenges the Duke, he proposes to use the small-sword, saying, "That is your best weapon," and adding, in an aside, "and mine too." We are given to understand that Clarkson has fought many duels, chiefly in America, and we are left to wonder how it happens that he should be more skilled with the French sword than with the pistol that must be familiar to his hand. Professors of fencing do not abound in California. But Clarkson's character is, in truth, almost as inconsistent as his wife's, and the skilful make-up and forcible acting of M. Febvre cannot entirely cover the author's mistakes.

On the reopening of the Français three short pieces, *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, *La Joie Fait Peur*, and *Le Mariage de Victorine*, were given. Scapin is played by M. Coquelin, whose comic force is irresistible, but, as in other parts, he is apt to exaggerate the farcical element. It is unnecessary that, when threatened by his master, he should wallow on the ground and cry like a child. In the scene where, having put Géronte into a sack, he imitates the tones of various assassins, and, under cover of their personality, beats the unhappy Géronte, the actor triumphed with singular success over the difficulties put in his way by a peculiar voice, and his expression when Géronte discovers him was the essence of comic terror and discomfiture. Mme. Girardin's *La Joie Fait Peur*, tolerably well known here both in the original and by means of two English versions, is one of the most touching pieces ever written. It turns, as will be remembered, upon the sudden appearance of a young sailor supposed to have been lost, and the gradual breaking of the news to his mother. M. Got's command of humour and pathos is seen at its best in Noël, the old servant, to whom the returned son first appears. He is alone on the stage and is talking of the folly of giving up all hope, when his young master enters unobserved. "For my part I should not be surprised," says Noël, "if he were to stand before me now and say, 'Noël, I have come back, you see. Pray go and order me something to eat'; and the moment the words have left his mouth they are repeated by the young man. Noël gasps and staggers back. He turns pale, his jaw drops, his body becomes rigid, and he is falling heavily forward on the ground when the young man catches him. The effect of M. Got's acting at this point was thrilling. Two girls, the young man's sister and betrothed, are played admirably by Mlle. Reichemberg and Mlle. Broisat, who makes a singularly pleasant impression in a part where there is little to do beyond looking grief-worn at the beginning and joyous at the end of the play. One felt, however, a strong interest in the character through Mlle. Broisat's interpretation. Mlle. Reichemberg's performance of the sister could hardly be improved. The subdued pathos at first, the joyousness which follows and expresses itself in girlish playfulness, the conflict of emotion when she is trying to give her mother some idea of the truth without going too far at once—all this was given as well as possible. The somewhat sombre tone of the piece is relieved by the brightness and grace of M. Delanay's acting as the young man. He has the art of speaking the most commonplace words and performing the most ordinary movements so as to give them grace and interest; and when he has to deal with emotion, he never misses his mark. The meeting between brother and sister drew tears from many of the audience. The only unsatisfactory part of the performance is Mme. Guyon's playing of the mother. The actress goes through all the gestures and intonations which are commonly taken to represent the emotions she has to express, but she fails to impress the spectator with any sense of reality. Mlle. Favart might play the part finely, but Mlle. Favart has an unwise objection to playing any but young characters. *Le Mariage de Victorine* is a proof that George Sand's writing can at some times be as outrageously dull as it is exciting at others; but the piece is well acted, and gives especial opportunities to Mlle. Baretta, who came to the Français from the Odéon, and who is very valuable in *ingénue* parts.

A success second only to that of *L'Étrangère* is obtained by *Les Danicheff* at the Odéon. The piece is announced as by M. Pierre Nevsky, but it is well known that it passed through the hands of M. Dumas, who is a friend of M. Nevsky, before it was put on the stage. M. Dumas's writing is indeed evident enough, both throughout the character of Roger de Taldé, the French attaché, and in passages where the biting if somewhat mechanical wit peculiar to M. Dumas is easily recognized. Roger de Taldé

has nothing whatever to do with the plot; he is not even employed as a chorus; but a French audience will not readily accept a play in which there is no French interest, and so Roger de Taldé is introduced among the crowd of Russians to deliver a lecture in M. Dumas's best style upon the classification of women, and to utter a thinly-veiled defiance of Germany and hope for a Russian alliance. The character is played pleasantly and with a quiet force by M. Porel; and one cannot regret De Taldé's presence in the piece, although the construction of the piece might be more artistic without it. The situations of the play are striking. The action passes in 1851. Wladimir, the hope of the Danicheffs, is in love with Anna, a serf of his mother's whom she has brought up almost like a daughter, and announces his intention of marrying her, to the horror of the Countess his mother. After a stormy scene the mother, a hard, proud woman whose chief interest is found in the kittens and dogs that run about her room, appears to make terms with her son. He is to go to St. Petersburg for a year and pay his court to the Princess Lydia Wladanoff. If at the end of that time he still wishes to marry Anna, all shall be arranged. Meanwhile she is to know nothing about it. He accepts the condition joyfully, and the moment he is gone the Countess sets Anna and Osip, her coachman, free, and has them married. Osip, however, has a noble soul, and, though he loves Anna, when he learns her love for his young master, resolves that he will go through the marriage ceremony with her by way of blinding the Countess, but will never be more to her than a brother. The second act passes at St. Petersburg, and is occupied with the Princess's love for Wladimir, and his discovery of his mother's breach of faith. In the third Wladimir returns home, full of fury against Osip, which changes to gratitude when he learns the faithful servant's sacrifice. Osip proposes to obtain a divorce, and the Countess, who has also returned, seeing that her schemes have failed, agrees to this. Here the play should end; but there is a fourth act, which is needlessly taken up with the machinations of the Princess Lydia to prevent the divorce, and their defeat by a somewhat clumsy combination of circumstances. The play is not well constructed, and its tone is too sombre, but it contains many fine incidents, and there is in it a clearer atmosphere than in the pieces where a breach of the Seventh Commandment is arrived at to the accompaniment of slow music. Mme. Picard plays the difficult and unpleasant character of the Countess with surprising success; M. Masset, who has for this part modelled his face and gesture after M. Faure, would be more impressive as Osip if he were less uniformly tearful. M. Marais, who came straight out of the Conservatoire to play Wladimir, exhibits both in the lighter dialogue and in bursts of passion qualities which, if properly directed, may lead him to a very high place on the stage. It is to be hoped that he will not be induced, like many young French actors, to sacrifice an assured future to the brilliant chances of the present.

#### IMPOSSIBLE COUNSEL.

**M**R. JOSEPH BOULT, F.R.I.B.A., whose discourses on Early English matters we have noticed once or twice, has again undertaken to give the world some further enlightenment from his special stores; and we are the less likely to pass by what is offered to us, since, in graver columns than our own, we have seen Mr. Boulton made the object of a very curious and friendly admonition. His industry, research, &c. &c., are said to be very praiseworthy; only he would do well to learn some comparative philology. The state of mind of Mr. Boulton's adviser is almost as great a study as the state of mind of Mr. Boulton himself. We received not long ago several diagrams accompanied by some elaborate calculations, which were altogether beyond our understanding, but the object of which was to prove that the sun is much smaller and much nearer the earth than astronomers have for some ages taught us that it is. If we had been in the same state of mind as Mr. Boulton's adviser, we might have congratulated the calculator on his valuable researches, but might have recommended him to learn some astronomy. But such a precept would go on an altogether false view of human nature, or at least of the type of human nature which comes to light in Mr. Boulton and his astronomical likeness. To tell them severally to learn astronomy and comparative philology is to tell them to cease to be themselves. They have severally the fullest conviction that they have learned those sciences, that they have learned them incomparably better than any master of them whose authority could be quoted against their own special views. We find no fault with the man who, never having been taught any better, thinks that the sun is a few miles off and is of the size of a cart-wheel. And the Greek philosopher who first taught that the sun was as big as Peloponnesus had made no small scientific advance. To counsel men of either of these classes to go and learn some astronomy would be a perfectly rational precept, and one which they would very likely gladly obey. But it is vain to give such counsel to the man who knows perfectly well what scientific astronomers have to say on the matter, but who thinks that he has an argument of his own which proves that the scientific astronomers are all wrong. It is not that he lacks research, or that he lacks thought. He has no doubt read and thought and calculated a great deal; only his reading and thinking and calculation are all utterly misdirected. With such a man it is useless to argue; he must be left where he is. He is the useless man of Aristotle who neither finds out what is right for himself, nor listens to other people who have found it out.

Now the really instructive thing is that, while nobody would treat the astronomical craze seriously, people are found who treat the philological or historical craze seriously. People who can read and write and get into print do, as a rule, know the first rudiments of astronomical science. They very often do not know the first rudiments of philological and historical science. If a man says that the earth is flat or that the sun is a few miles off, every one sees the absurdity at once. If a man makes historical or philological proposals which are on exactly the same level, many people do not see the absurdity; they talk about "controversies," "differences of opinion," and the like. The *Times* thought it was a matter of "controversy" when certain people chose to affirm that Alfred founded University College. It was very hard to make people understand that that proposition was exactly on a level with the proposition that the earth is flat. So the Oxfordshire annalist who in his book puts Richard King of the Romans before Caesar knows perfectly well that other people put him in the thirteenth century; only he thinks that he is right and that the others are wrong. And we have not the least doubt that many people who would at once laugh at the notion of the sun being only a few miles from the earth would look on the age of King Richard as a fair matter of controversy on which each side "had a right to its own opinion."

What is the cause of this difference? Why is an absurdity in physical science so much more generally recognized as an absurdity than an absurdity in history or philology? There must be some intelligible reason for such a difference. If the answer be made that the one kind of knowledge is more generally diffused than the other, this, so far as it is true, is not the cause of the difference, but one form of the difference itself. And it is only partially true that physical science is more generally known than historical or philological science. The real masters of philology are very likely quite as many as the real masters of astronomy, and the smatterers in astronomy can hardly be thicker on the ground than the smatterers in philology. But there is this difference between the position of the two studies, which is in truth the difference which we have already stated. A great number of people, without having really gone at all into the study of astronomy, without being able to give any reasons for the propositions which they accept, have got ideas on elementary astronomical points which are accurate as far as they go. They know that the earth is round; or, as that phrase is not quite scientifically correct, at least they know that it is not flat. They know that the earth goes round the sun; they know that the planets also go round the sun and that the fixed stars do not. But beyond this they do not go very far. They have a correct general notion of the cause of an eclipse; but how astronomers can reckon that an eclipse will happen at a particular time is a perfect mystery to them. Now people who are in this frame of mind, whose ideas go but a very little way but are accurate as far as they go, recognize the absurdity of a misstatement within their own range as readily as the scientific astronomer does. When they are told that the sun is only a few miles from the earth, they cannot, like the scientific astronomer, prove beyond gainsaying that it is otherwise. But the idea seems as grotesque and absurd to them as it does to him. Now with regard to history or philology there are comparatively few people who are in this exact state of mind. As a rule, people know either more or less. People who have a correct notion (as far as it goes) about the sun and the earth perhaps never heard of Sanskrit, perhaps think Greek is derived from it, perhaps think that all languages are derived from Hebrew. The notion that Richard King of the Romans lived before C. Julius Caesar does not seem so absurd to them as the notion that the sun goes round the earth. And in a sense they are right; it is equally wrong, but it is not equally absurd. Like nearly every popular mistake or confusion, there is an element of truth in the thing. Historical and philological propositions are not capable of mathematical proof. They depend on the same kind of evidence on which men act in their ordinary affairs; they are not capable of that kind of proof by which Euclid proves his propositions. If a man chooses to say that the facts of philology are all accidental coincidences, or that the documents on which history rests are all forgeries, we cannot convince him of his error in the same kind of way in which we can convince the man who says that he has seen a triangle whose three angles were not together equal to two right angles. Historical and philological proof both seems to be and is less rigid, less technical, than the proof by which the astronomer calculates the time of an eclipse or measures the distance between the sun and the earth. It is a kind of proof which both seems to be and is more within the reach of every man's common sense than the other. It is a kind of proof which, besides a certain natural gift, calls for tact and practice fully to appreciate it. But it cannot be of the nature of rigid demonstration. A man will therefore think himself quite capable of judging for himself on a philological or historical matter, he will cast away the authority of those who know better than himself, at a stage of knowledge at which he will humbly accept the teaching of experts in matter of astronomy. He sees that astronomy is not a matter of guessing, because the proof is rigid. But because philology is not capable of the same rigid proof, he thinks that it is all a matter of guessing, and he thinks, perhaps truly, that his guess is as likely to be right as another man's.

Hence there come two consequences. In philological and historical matters the right thing does not get the same undoubting acceptance which it gets in astronomical matters, while the wrong thing is much more likely to get acceptance. Anything that has

a learned air will impose on people, and the wrong thing often has quite as learned an air as the right thing. Mr. Boult and his counsellor are a case in point. Mr. Boult, who has already put forth several pamphlets of the kind, has, since the beginning of this year, put forth another, headed *Notes on Early Social Grades in England*. Now Mr. Boult has, in a kind of way, read some of the sources of early English history, quite enough to give a learned air to what he writes. But he has a craze, half historical, half philological. He is one of the sect who think that Englishmen are Welshmen; and he tries to confirm this belief by taking every plain English word that he meets and making a Celtic derivation for it. His etymology, we need hardly say—indeed some of our readers may remember earlier specimens of it—is very much in the style of "Alexander the Great" from "All-eggs-under-the-grate," which may be taken as typical of this school of philology. Nay, whereas his Celtic ought, to prove anything, to be ancient Welsh, a good deal of it happens to be modern Irish, while some of it is of a class to which Welsh scholars decline to give any name at all. At the attainments of Mr. Boult's nameless counsellor we can of course only guess. But our guess would be, that he knows philology enough to see at once that all this is nonsense, but that he does not know much about Old-English Laws, and that he is therefore impressed by Mr. Boult's air of learning on those matters. He therefore does not see that Mr. Boult's philological craze is the essence of the whole thing, that without his craze Mr. Boult would not be Mr. Boult at all. To him the craze seems to be only the weak side of otherwise praiseworthy researches, and he counsels him to go and strengthen himself by learning philology. He speaks, in short, to Mr. Boult as he might have spoken to Sir F. Palgrave when that great scholar fancied that the word *king* was of Celtic origin. Sir F. Palgrave's mistake was simply an isolated mistake, which might be corrected, which a little philological study doubtless would have corrected. Mr. Boult's Celtic etymologies cannot be corrected away in this sort; they are the essence of the whole thing. If we are to have Mr. Boult at all, we must have him with his Celtic theories.

As for the particular etymologies, a philologer will stop to discuss them when an astronomer stops to discuss the theory that the moon is made of green cheese. But it is worth noticing that Mr. Boult does not put forth his grotesque etymologies in sheer ignorance of the real ones. He knows them, but he thinks that his own are better. As Englishmen are not to be Englishmen, it is only carrying the doctrine a little further to rule that *men* are not *men*. To be sure they are something greater:—

In sochmanni the primary syllables are of course due to the same root as is *soccage*; but the termination I conceive should not be assumed to be the word "man" Latinized. That word does so appear occasionally, but in many cases it is ascribable to K. *meannach* (*maynach*), from *meann*, glossed by O'Reilly manifest, famous, illustrious; but in the word under notice used to distinguish the agriculturist from the mere ploughman. I think a similar application may be found in "Cennimagni," a tribe early settled in East Anglia, and in "Ealdormanni," "Rademann," and "Lagemann."

"Ealdor" is for "il-dor," "great door," and the Ealdorman is "the principal person at the great gate." "Ceorl" is "from K. ce-ar-il (careil) the great ploughland." "Demesne" is "land free from tax. K. *demeas-ne*, not of assessment." The lady of this demesne should surely be a Phrygian or Lydian *dam* or *dav*, and, next to Nephelokokkygia, no more fitting place can be found for the estate than the "Chersonesus Cimbricus." Mr. Boult would seem to be hindered by his profession from being made a canon; but it is surely hard that he is not a Professor somewhere.

#### DISTRICT NURSING.

**Y**EARS of suffering have not quenched Miss Nightingale's early enthusiasm. She has the same passionate interest in her old subject, the same determination to mitigate for others the pain which she bears with such unselfish fortitude. Confidently and eloquently she appeals to the public for help to establish a great National Nursing Association for the Poor. The prospectus of such an institution has been drawn up, and a central home started where already a beginning has been made. That Miss Nightingale should advocate the aims of the Society cannot fail to inspire confidence that it may become worthy of its name. When Miss Nightingale's public labours began we thought skilled nurses were only required for wounded soldiers. Mere fevers or epidemics, it was supposed, must run their course. Children came into the world and for the most part went out of it with only the assistance of Sarah Gamp. Those who walked the hospitals even twenty years ago have a lively recollection of the race of robust, hard-sweating charwomen, or worse, who were then dignified with the name of nurse. But we are now on all sides endeavouring to attain to ideal Hygeias. Correct statistics of the death-rate in different places enable us to put our finger on an unhealthy spot and insist upon investigations as to the cause of the mortality. We can now boast of crowded districts in London which are as healthy as most country parishes, and we can point to Bristol and Portsmouth as examples of successful sanitary reform. We no longer pity Salford and Newcastle for their unhealthiness; we reproach them for homicidal neglect. What has been accomplished during the last few years in the prevention of illness only shows us how much more might have been done. The mortality of this country might still be largely reduced if we could ensure the

enforcement of ascertained laws. And her lies the greatest difficulty of the hygienic reformer. He can prescribe, but who will administer his prescriptions? He can direct, but who will carry out his directions? The life may be saved by care, but who is to take the care? In surgical cases the hospital is no doubt the best resource of the sick poor. They have the most experienced physicians, and for the most part tolerably competent nurses. But there are even surgical cases which might with advantage be nursed at home, if there was any way of ensuring to the sufferer even a moderate amount of care and comfort.

It would be almost impossible for any one who had not visited among the London poor to realize the abject misery which illness produces in an airless, overcrowded room. There are thousands of struggling people who find it difficult at all times to keep their heads above water, to provide the bare necessities of life, and pay the week's lodging. Sickness is the last straw, the additional weight yet required to sink them into hopeless pauperism. In cases of fever it is a great matter to have such an institution as the Fever Hospital at Islington, where patients are kept until all fear of contagion is past. Isolation is always difficult in a town house. But in chronic diseases, or where it is only cold and neglect, which make a slight attack serious, it is often most desirable not to break up a home which it may never be possible to re-establish. The home may be a draughty garret or a damp cellar, and yet be a better place in which to bring up children than the workhouse. But a helping hand is needed beyond what the district visitor is able to supply by her bread or meat tickets. Something more is required to help convalescence than the bottle of medicine from the dispensary. So long as the mother of a family is able to get about, things are not utterly hopeless unless she drinks. But when she is confined to bed and has several young children, the case becomes desperate and recovery very uncertain. Perhaps after a sleepless night she begins to doze as her husband rises to go to his work; too often hardened by adversity he is careless of her sufferings; but if he has come in sober the night before and has his faculties about him, he makes an awkward attempt to light the fire and put on the kettle before he tramps away. Then the children waken and want their breakfast. There is none prepared for them, the coals are not lighted, and they must be contented to gnaw a dry crust in the corner. In the bed beside the invalid is the baby wringing her nerves with a piteous unceasing wail; her illness has robbed it of its proper food, and there is no money in the house to buy milk. The eldest girl does her best with slack and a bit of paper to rekindle the fire, and with vigorous use of the bellows the kettle boils at last. A new misery now arises in the danger lest she should pull it over and add a scalded foot to the other woes of the family. The mother listens to each step on the stairs, hoping perhaps some friendly neighbour will come and look after the little ones and raise her in the bed. But all of them have more to do than they can manage, and if a gossip knocks at the door to have a talk, she goes away again without interfering with the family arrangements. The children, unwashed, unkempt, half fed, endanger their lives on the staircase, or add to their mother's anxieties by wandering about the streets. It is needless to follow the course of the weary day until the husband's return from his work, tired, and perhaps wet, no supper ready, everything wretched and in disorder. It is not surprising that he adjourns to the "Queen's Head," and reveals towards midnight, by unsteady steps on the stairs and the thickened utterance of his many oaths, that the money for to-morrow's food has gone in betting and beer. By degrees everything is pawned, even to the blankets, and the invalid leaves the bare walls of what was once home either in the parish hearse or the workhouse van. It is not only amongst the abjectly poor that illness is so terrible a calamity, such a crushing misfortune. It is just as much felt in the home of the struggling tradesman, perhaps more. Thousands of valuable lives are sacrificed every year simply for want of proper nursing. The hard-working clerk with a large family might have lived to provide for all his children if the temperature of his room had been kept equable when he was laid up with bronchitis. The grocer at the corner would still be selling adulterated mustard if, when he was in rheumatic fever, proper nourishment had been given him throughout the night. The widow who was supporting her family respectably by dressmaking need not have left them orphans if a little care had been taken of her when she was recovering from diphtheria.

The National Nursing Association, fully alive to the present culpable waste of human life, propose to train and provide skilled nurses for the assistance of the sick poor in their own homes, and to establish a training school in connexion with one of the London hospitals. A beginning has been made, and a Central Home started in Bloomsbury Square; others will be established by degrees in the different metropolitan districts, and the Committee hope to extend their operations into the country as soon as funds are raised. The nurses are to be taken from the educated classes, to have comfortable homes provided for them, where they will have none of the cares of housekeeping, but be able to devote their time and talents entirely to their work. They must go through, first, three months' probation, in order to find out if they are suitable candidates, then a year of hospital training, and thirdly three months of special instruction. The expenses incurred by the nurse amount to about fifty pounds during the time of training; she then gets a salary of thirty-five pounds a year, rising by three pounds per annum, until it reaches fifty. Uniform is supplied and washing, so that she has only her personal expenses to pro-

vide for. It is particularly desired that the nurses may not be looked upon as almoners, as from workhouse and parish organization a sufficient supply of nourishment and other necessaries may always be counted upon. Miss Nightingale points out that great care must be taken not to demoralize and pauperize families; that when a man is given to drink he may be induced to deny himself to help a sick wife; whereas, if everything is provided for her, he will only have additional temptations to self-indulgence. District nurses will necessarily be of a class superior even to those in a hospital, because it is necessary that they should be able to supplement in some degree the office of the doctor, and that, too, without the usual hospital appliances. It is requisite that they should be able to keep an accurate record of the pulse, temperature, and symptoms of the patient, so as to enable the doctor to know how and when to vary his treatment. Among her most important duties will be that of calling attention to the sanitary condition of the house. Dustbins, water-cisterns, drains, must all be inspected and watched, and in cases of defective arrangements reports made to the proper authorities. This will be an arduous part of the work, as it is most difficult to cope with landlords and with the legal difficulties which constantly arise. It will not be easy to go into a man's house as a nurse, and not only to insist on his leaving it as soon as possible, but also to take steps for having it shut up and pulled down. Even Miss Octavia Hill, with all her energy and resolution, finds such a task not without its difficulties.

The scheme which Miss Nightingale asks the public to support, and that generously, is evidently the result of much careful thought and wide experience of the wants of the sick. The arrangements made for the comfort of the nurses are wise and far-seeing; the limiting of their work to eight hours in the twenty-four is no doubt real economy, as it enables the staff in times of emergency to do much more than if they did not ordinarily get proper rest and recreation. The great question now to be solved is not whether money will be forthcoming to carry out the establishment of a great national institution, nor whether the poor are willing to pay a small weekly sum for skilled nursing, but whether it will be possible to procure the raw material out of which Miss Nightingale's ideal nurses are to be manufactured in sufficient quantity to fill the places provided for them. She wants a refined educated gentlewoman, too much a lady to think any service she can render menial; with sufficient tact to steer clear of offending a most easily offended class, and yet with determination enough to insist upon her reforms being carried out. This lady nurse must be strong enough to bear the most sickening smells, the most loathsome sights, the most agonized deathbeds, without being made ill by them. She must be brave enough not to be frightened at the abuse of a drunken man, or at having to walk through the streets alone at the dead of night. She must be a Sister of Mercy without her early training or her faith in works, a doctor without his pay, a sanitary inspector without his power, at once a servant and a teacher, a tender nurse and a strict disciplinarian.

#### A FEAST OF HORRORS.

BEFORE the Wainwright murder has quite faded from popular recollection, we have a new accumulation of atrocities, and the people who delight to gorge themselves on horrors of this kind are no doubt rejoicing over the particularly racy entertainment now provided for them. Such luck is almost more than could have been expected, and at such a dull time as the present it will no doubt be especially welcome. It is fortunately unnecessary for us to repeat the sickening details which are so profusely recorded by the morning papers. As to the supposed murder at Chelsea, it is evident that there must have been foul play of some sort. The poor woman was robbed, but whether her death was intended is a question which has yet to be decided. The chloroform which is suspected to have been administered may have been given only for the purpose of producing stupefaction, and indeed the medical evidence as to the very weak condition of the victim would seem to suggest that terror alone might have been the cause of her death. In the other case we have a frightful example of the fiendish elements which occasionally break out in humanity. Cases of this kind occur from time to time, and, though insanity is usually pleaded, there is seldom any ground for accepting this excuse. There is a reluctance on the part of refined society to face the fact of the appalling depravity which comes within the range of our common human nature. It is thought to be necessary, as it were, for the honour of the family, to explain away such aberrations on the ground of insanity. It shocks respectable people to think that they share the nature which is capable of perpetrating such atrocities, and the fiction of lunacy is invented to keep up the reputation of the race. There is of course a certain amount of foundation for the mad doctors' pet theory of homicidal mania, but in the majority of instances murder and other atrocities are committed, not from any weakness of mind, but from sheer wickedness. Such a case as that at Blackburn is an impressive, though painful, lesson as to the depth to which a man may sink when once moral restraint has begun to be impaired. At the same time, although it may be well to take the warning which such incidents offer, they are certainly not things to be galed over and made the subject of an amused curiosity.

The morbid interest taken in Wainwright's case was a sufficiently disgraceful exhibition, and it is to be hoped that we are not

to have a repetition of the mawkish sensationalism which was then displayed. There can be no doubt that in Fish's case the ordinary machinery of justice is quite capable of doing whatever is necessary, and there is therefore no excuse for the officiousness of certain newspapers in publishing all sorts of private gossip and mere rumour. The facts will come out in the criminal proceedings, and it will probably be found that all that is essential might be put within a very small compass. Nothing can be more scandalous or demoralizing than that a romance should be made of such a horrible story; but we are sorry to see that there is in certain quarters a disposition to commit this offence. The *Daily Telegraph*, for instance, supplies its readers with minute details as to the appearance, manners, and antecedents of the prisoner. More than one reporter is employed in this nauseous task, and while one sends a rumour that Fish once hung four kittens by the tail until they died, and that his eyes are light grey and his features deadly pale, another writes that he has inspected the prisoner in his cell, and found his eyes much inflamed, as if with weeping, but otherwise "quite fresh and healthy looking." One of these literary scavengers did not scruple to torture the prisoner's wife by his impertinent inquiries, and duly photographs her for the benefit of his customers. Though suffering keenly, she seemed much better than he expected to find her. "She had an infant at her breast, and one about three years old was running about apparently unconscious of anything serious." It is perhaps fortunate that the age of the child prevented the poor creature from being subjected to an unwarrantable inquisition. In a later account we have a picture of the prisoner in his cell, "apparently weighed down with remorse, sitting at a table with his face buried in his hands," while from outside is heard the music and uproar of an Easter fair. It appears to have been thought worth while to make an examination of Fish's "phrenological developments," and the reporter obtained from an expert in such things an opinion that his bumps are scarcely of a murderous type, though that of destructiveness is somewhat prominent. A touch of romance is given to the case by a sketch of the room in which the remains of the girl's body were found. On one of the walls is said to be a picture of a bloodhound sniffing at a huddled heap which seems to disclose the human form. What on earth has all this to do with the case? Nothing; but then of course it makes it more like a story in a "penny dreadful." It may readily be believed that "some very curious stories are current amongst Fish's neighbours," but why should they be raked up in order to gratify diseased curiosity? It is brought up against Fish that, as a barber, he was strangely taciturn; "he sometimes would not speak a word for a week"; but it is to be hoped that barbers generally will not be led to suppose that they are likely to be suspected of crime if they do not deafen their customers with endless chatter. Here is another great fact which, when it first struck the reporter, evidently suggested to his mind the promise of interesting developments. "Contiguous to his shop is the 'Fishers' Arms' public-house." So the reporter interviewed the barmaid; but his hopes were soon damped. Fish never visited the "Fishers' Arms," "professing to be a teetotaler"; but his wife had been known to fetch him of a night a small glass of port wine. This artist in horrors, by way of making his tale as grim as possible, thinks it necessary to proclaim to the world that Fish's wife, on hearing of his confession, exclaimed, "I am very thankful, let him be hanged; if he is guilty, hanging is too good for him"; but there is happily no necessity to believe the statement to be true. Morgan, the bloodhound which scented out the human remains, also comes in for a share of the sickly enthusiasm which seems to be excited by this event. Morgan, we are told, is "a quarter bloodhound, quarter bulldog, and half setter," and fawn-coloured; and "is much petted by thousands of the people of Preston." Many stories are told of his wonderful capabilities, and no doubt, if an unabashed Paul Pry were to print all the stories he picked up in the streets and elsewhere, he would soon fill many columns. But is this respectable journalism? It is said that an offer has been made by a caterer of public amusements at Blackburn to pay 5*l.* a night for a certain number of nights in order to make a public exhibition of the dog.

It is impossible to imagine anything more disgusting than this silly and morbid excitement about the most trifling and remote details of a horrible affair; and there can be no doubt that the effect on the public mind must be very injurious. The jumbling up of everything in a mass of rubbishy gossip, to be read merely as a thrilling story, tends to diminish the impressiveness of judicial proceedings undertaken in grave earnest and under serious responsibility. The gratification of a morbid curiosity and appetite for vulgar sensation dulls the natural feelings which ought to be stirred on such an occasion, and accustoms people to regard the most horrible and revolting aspects of life as a legitimate subject of amusement. This is a matter to which we have more than once had to recur, and there can be no doubt that it is a serious evil. In a former case the *Daily Telegraph* defended the publication of some nasty details on the ground that, "in view of the devilish wickedness which has been perpetrated, it would be an act of unjustifiable squeamishness to hush up one circumstance of horror"; and the *Telegraph* has certainly contrived to avoid any failing in this respect. There is no reason, of course, why the facts of a crime should not be published, but there is obviously the widest difference between reporting the hard matter-of-fact evidence given in a court of law and dishing up what may or may not be facts, so as to make up a sensational tale. Enough is not yet known of Fish's state of mind

and habits to enable one to form a diagnosis of his character; but we should imagine that nothing would be so likely to produce imitation of his unnatural callousness as the habit of brooding over such details as those with which the newspapers nowadays pander to a depraved taste. People who have a sense of enjoyment in the horrible interest of such narratives are, we are afraid, clearly on the road to take a similar interest in the torture of animals, which, whether truly or not, is ascribed to Fish as one of his favourite amusements. The lesson of all such crimes is the warning they afford of the precipice on which human nature stands, and the danger of any approach to the edge of it. Imagination, and especially the imagination of dull and ignorant people—for imagination, it must be remembered, does not necessarily mean intellect—is a dangerous thing to play pranks with. If allowed to range too loosely, and to poke about in all sorts of foul and unhallowed corners, it is apt to get a devilish mastery over those who yield to its seductive influence; and from indulgence in imagination to indulgence in practice is but a short step. The morbid curiosity of Eve, the desire to test imagined sensations in a practical way, survives among her children, and there is perhaps no poison which is at once so insidious and so fatal in its influence. People may think that they can now and again go in for a dose of *Daily Telegraph* sensationalism about crime, and enjoy the creeping of the flesh which it produces—"I feel as if it made my back open and shut," said a housemaid once, who was a great admirer of this kind of literature—without suffering any permanent injury; but this is a mistake. There is no taste which grows so quickly on people as a bad one; and, when corruption of mind and feeling once sets in, it spreads rapidly. It is impossible to say how much harm is done by such narratives as those of the fight between Brummie and the dog, and of the various horrible crimes which from time to time come to light, by which the *Telegraph* cultivates popularity among the least intelligent classes of the community. There is nothing which it is more dangerous to foster than a taste for nasty and horrible things as a fillip to a stagnant imagination.

#### QUEEN MARY AT THE LYCEUM.

IT was proper that this play should be brought on the stage, and an attempt, in itself far from hopeful, might be made under most favourable conditions at the Lyceum. Few readers of the play probably have felt any strong desire to see it acted, and the characters of Queen Mary and Philip of Spain will always remain thoroughly unprovocative of sympathy. Let us say at once that Miss Bateman and Mr. Irving did all that was possible for these characters, as the manager did for the play generally. It was not long, yet it was tedious; and although Queen Mary took an unconscionable time in dying, we remember that the spectacle of her sickness might be preferable to a description of Cranmer's burning. At the close of the first performance Mr. Irving declared his intention of telegraphing to the author that the play was "a confirmed success," and it is true that a full house bestowed plentiful applause, with a barrow-load of bouquets for Miss Bateman. There is a story of a Frenchman who used to take a good place every night at a spectacle of performing lions in order that he might be present when the lion-tamer's head was bitten off. It may be suspected that many persons went to the Lyceum on Tuesday night to see the fun of what used to be called the damnation of a new play. But respect is due even to misdirected art. There are many lines in *Queen Mary* at least good enough to remind us of the author's better lines elsewhere, and if such a play had been written fifty years ago, it would certainly have been performed, although we do not think that even then it would have succeeded. It would have been produced as a sort of tribute by the stage to literary eminence. The manager of the Lyceum has undertaken to supply in this respect the want of a national theatre, and failure properly evokes sympathy. But failure beyond doubt there was. Even the usual remedy of the pruning-knife is here inapplicable, for much has already been cut away from the poem, and we feel utterly impartial towards that which has been taken and that which has been left in adapting it for the stage.

No poetry and no acting can make us take an interest in the love of Queen Mary for Philip of Spain. The line

I am eleven years older than he is

unluckily recalls to mind a quotation lately made by Mr. Lowe in the House of Commons; and to the following question—

But will he care for that?—

we should be disposed to answer that, men, and particularly princes, being what they are, we decidedly think he would. Philip's notion, according to the poet, seems to have been that it was for the advancement of the Catholic faith that a son should be born to him by Queen Mary, and that, if only enough of heretics were burned, the blessing of Heaven would rest upon their marriage. The Queen was neither young nor healthy, and had never been beautiful, but the flames of Smithfield would be more potent than the torch of love. Only put on a few more heretics and poke the fire. In a damp and detestable climate the smell of Cranmer's burning was the only comfort which a pious but chilly Spaniard could discover. His apathy towards the Queen grows into disgust, and, while affecting regret at his own departure, he, with more truth than politeness, indicates that he prefers supper to conjugal endearments. The

picture is painfully natural, but perhaps it need not have been exhibited. There have been bad harvests and sickness has been rife in England, and what shall its poor Queen do for it? Burn more heretics, says her husband. He protests in the same interview that he "never loved her more," and we entirely believe him. The affairs of his many kingdoms call him, and he must away; but presently a political reason is suggested for his staying longer. A prudent counsellor asks if he may not say that Philip stays to please his wife, and Philip answers that he may "if he cares to put it so." The complaint of Philip to his wife—

Your people are as cheerless as your clime—

is fully supported by the author, who has represented England, sometimes called "merry," as a dismal swamp interspersed with gibbets. It is always to be remembered to the credit of Queen Mary's reign that there were no railway accidents, and perhaps the general tenor of life was not much affected by those scenes of violence and cruelty which in the page of history impress our minds so strongly. We can believe, too, that a farmer of Islip would start early in the morning with three hard eggs in his pocket to get a good place at the Oxford burnings. But all attempts at reproducing such scenes of everyday life must be either grotesque or horrible. At Queen Mary's Court heads stand so lightly upon shoulders that a lover's sigh would blow them off. The Princess Elizabeth's meditations are too lugubrious to be relieved even by the farcical incident of Sir Henry Bedingfield's dirty boots, and on the whole it may be said that the Laureate's tragedy is less depressing to the spirits than his comedy or farce. One of the most hideous features of the story is the proposal made by Philip for Elizabeth's hand while Mary is rather too slowly dying. The Ambassador explains in soliloquy that, if this proposal be accepted, he and his master will break in this princess and correct her bad habit of swearing. We could wish that at the same time she might be taught not to make puns. The acting of these and other minor parts is neither good nor bad, and none of the actors, we should think, could feel the slightest interest in the scene in which they appear. Mr. Irving conveys only too forcibly the idea that Philip hates England and is tired of his wife, and that is really all that he can do. Thus the weight of the play rests upon Miss Bateman, and dramatic students will of course like to see what she makes of an ungrateful part. It is not usually expected of a tragic actress that she should sing, and Miss Bateman effectively recites the beautiful lines addressed to the lute. Afterwards, when the author makes her seat herself on the ground, he has unfortunately invited comparison with Constance in *King John*:

Here is my throne ; bid kings come bow to it.

But Constance was of other mettle than the ailing, wailing Mary, and we could have heard with pleasure the awakening discourse which she would have addressed to an unfaithful husband. The sorrows of Queen Mary do not lend themselves to poetic treatment.

The obstreperous loyalty of the Lord Mayor would in our day have been rewarded by a baronetcy; but as Sir Thomas Wyatt, whom he opposes, has been excised, the valiant magistrate fights with a mere vague suggestion of rebellion. If we turn to the scenes in which Wyatt appears, we shall find that they are among the best in the poem; and at any rate they are furthest removed from the caterwauling of Queen Mary. They exhibit vividly an example of what Macaulay has described as the system of government under the Tudors. The country would stand a good deal; but if the Court went too far, there was always in reserve that which in another time and clime was called the sacred right of insurrection. The men of Kent gathered at Penenden Heath, seized Rochester, and marched on London. A little more vigour in Wyatt, or a little less courage in the Queen, and the Spanish marriage and the Marian persecution would have been prevented. The Queen showed herself on this occasion her father's daughter, and the scene in which she declares that she will die "with those that are no cowards" is the least unpleasant of the acted play. Wyatt's failure and the executions which followed it cowed resistance, but still it is difficult to understand why the English people endured the proceedings of Gardiner and Bonner. Philip brought no soldiers to England, for the best of reasons—that the country would not endure them; and as the Queen had no money, she must have had few guards. She depended for help against rebels on the nobility or the City; and if rebels had real grievances, the nobility and the City were likely to be at least partially in sympathy with rebellion. We cannot help thinking that Philip of Spain has had rather hard treatment from the popular historians whom the poet has followed. The Spanish Ambassador, Renard, for a long time discouraged persecution, as became a man with whom policy was first and religion second. The Queen no doubt believed that burning heretics would make her a joyful mother of children, but it may be doubted whether her husband cared enough for England to take the trouble to extirpate its heresy. He was fearfully sea-sick on the voyage hither, drenched with rain on landing, and snubbed and suspected all his train. Like his more famous father, he was coarse and indiscriminate in his tastes, but we do not know that any English town or village preserves such traditions as may be found in Germany. The story which the poet puts into the mouth of a lady of the English Court seems, however, probable, and the Queen, besides being inconveniently fond of her husband, was, we may believe, intensely jealous of his civility to her attendants.

Unalterably and pesteringly fond

is Philip's own comment on his wife's behaviour, and it must be allowed that the scenes between them are dreadfully true to nature, although perhaps rather compromising to the dignity of the Tragic Muse. Mr. Irving has got himself up well for the part of Philip, not forgetting the "yellow head and yellow beard," and he preserves a suitable gravity of demeanour. If it had been possible for Philip's natural brother, Don John of Austria, to have taken his place, the English people might have been better pleased. Philip had none of his brother's military talent, and his personal courage was doubted. Not the least of this prince's trials must have been his first draught of ale which he took on the night of his arrival to show his determination to conform to the customs of the country. He landed at Southampton, and rode thence to Winchester in pouring rain to meet his bride, and it is reckoned that 4,000 noblemen, gentlemen, and others on horseback, and under no command, rode with him. The Emperor more than any other person was responsible for this unhappy marriage, which he desired for the sake of the preponderance it might give him over France. His Ambassador, Renard, although he counselled moderation in religion, was for thorough measures in politics. At his instigation the Queen sent Lady Jane Grey to the scaffold, although in the play she answers his first suggestion with the line,

I am English Queen, not Roman Emperor,

which now, for an obvious reason, is the most telling line in the play. When Philip reached London, the citizens, who had fancied him a monster, saw to their surprise a well-dressed gentleman who had learned with some difficulty to touch his cap in salutation. In the winter there were balls at Court, of which, by the way, this play contains no trace, and Spanish noblemen with English ladies, and the indefatigable Renard coached, as we should now say, Philip in the arts of popularity; and it began to be thought that Heaven would not have brought about this grand marriage without intending that some good should come of it. But in May it appeared doubtful whether Heaven had any purpose in the matter, although moved by prayers and processions, and by increased activity against heretics. The Queen sent letters to the justices of the peace, directing them to deliver the holders of erroneous opinions to the Ordinary, "to be by him charitably travelled withal." But it does not appear that Philip had any hand in this proceeding, and he usually acted under the guidance of Renard, who was as superior to superstition as to mercy. In August Philip got away to Flanders, where, if the climate was no better than in England, his wife could not watch him quite so closely, although reports soon reached her of his miscellaneous licentiousness. She, poor woman, all the time believed that she had lost her husband's love and the favour of Heaven by the sin of Saul, and therefore the Amalekites of England should be no longer spared. So the burnings became more frequent, but her husband's aversion was now undisguised; and, having lost Calais to the French, she was overwhelmed with sorrow and sickness, and she died. The world has seen few more miserable marriages, and such a dreary story could hardly make a good acting play.

## REVIEWS.

LIFE OF LORD MACAULAY.  
(First Notice.)

M R. TREVELYAN is fortunate in a subject which belongs to him by hereditary right. Lord Macaulay's writings are familiar to the world, but little was known of his private character, and nothing of the domestic relations which were to himself the most important part of his life. In his later years he entered little into general society, and his few associates were for the most part older than himself. Hallam, Milman, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Carlisle, and Bishop Wilberforce who belonged to a later generation, have all passed away. A great literary reputation, still in its pristine freshness, necessarily creates interest in the personal history of the author. Only a few survivors recollect distinctly the events of a public career which ended nearly thirty years ago; students of oratory alone are accustomed to think of the brilliant historian as one of the most eloquent speakers of his time. There is a novel pleasure in the discovery that the bearer of a great and merited reputation was the kindest, the most affectionate, and the most unselfish of men. Lord Macaulay's public and private character was known to be blameless; his tenderness, his constancy, his simple and healthy enjoyment of life, could not have been generally appreciated till now. If Mr. Trevelyan is to be congratulated on the choice of his hero, Lord Macaulay also is fortunate in his biographer. It is a happy accident when literary ability and taste coincide with the command of the necessary materials for the biography of a celebrated man. If Mr. Trevelyan had been a stranger, he would have possessed many qualifications for his task; but he could never have attained the intimate knowledge of his famous kinsman which began with his own earliest childhood. It may perhaps be a drawback to the biography as a work of art, that, in dealing with Macaulay's Parliamentary and

\* *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.* By his Nephew, George Otto Trevelyan, M.P. 2 vols. Longmans, Green, & Co.

official career, Mr. Trevelyan expresses strong and definite opinions, though his language is always temperate and fair; but the defect, if it is a defect, is a necessary consequence of Mr. Trevelyan's position and pursuits. If the person who is of all others best qualified to write the Life of Macaulay happens to be an active and earnest politician and a rising member of Parliament, his estimate of the political conflicts of the last generation cannot be expected to be colourless and neutral.

From detailed literary criticism and eulogy Mr. Trevelyan wisely abstains. He is justified in noticing the transparent clearness of style in which Macaulay excelled all competitors. It may be a question whether thoughtful intellects are not more irresistibly attracted by suggestive writers who leave something to be divined by competent students. The admirer of Macaulay, on a second reading of a passage or a volume, is sometimes disappointed by finding that he learns nothing new; but, on a balance of critical considerations, it is better to express the whole of a thought, and to leave nothing to be guessed. As Mr. Trevelyan relates, a reader in a printing-office once respectfully suggested to Macaulay that there was one sentence in two volumes of which the meaning could not be apprehended at a glance. A Northern manufacturer read the first two volumes of the History aloud to his men after business hours; and when the last chapter was finished, one of the audience moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Macaulay for writing a History which working-men could understand. The number of readers who take pleasure in riddles is as one to ten thousand grateful recipients of digested thought and knowledge. Style is the most characteristic product of intellect. Lord Macaulay wrote clearly because his knowledge was generally accurate, and his conclusions were always definite. The mannerism which critics remark in his writings proceeded from the same cause. His excessive use of antithesis may perhaps be explained by a tendency to resolve a perplexing doubt into two clear and contradictory propositions. The process was inapplicable to complex problems which admitted of no easy or distinct interpretation. Macaulay sometimes undertakes to reconcile his own description of an historical personage with actions which fail to fit the rhetorical framework by his favourite formula, "Such is the inconsistency of human nature." In all such cases the confusion exists in the mind of the observer, who may be well assured that qualities which co-exist are mutually compatible, and that in human nature there is no antithesis. Mr. Trevelyan quotes with implied approval Macaulay's adoption of Johnson's dogma, "that an author whose works are likely to live is very unwise if he stoops to wrangle with detractors whose works are certain to die." The doctrine may be sound when the criticism concerns literary merit; but it is wholly inapplicable to questions of historical truth. The gravest fault with which Lord Macaulay can be charged was the want of candour which he displayed in refusing to correct errors which were in themselves pardonable and, indeed, unavoidable. He trusted unfairly to the certainty that his own works would live, and to the likelihood that the works of his critics would die. In some instances the calculation has already failed. No capable judge adopts Lord Macaulay's version of Bacon's personal history against Mr. Spedding's, or fails to acknowledge the conclusive force of Mr. Paget's vindication of Penn. A descendant of Sir Elijah Impey, who injudiciously wrote a bulky volume in defence of his ancestor, pointed out inaccuracies which have never been corrected in the Life of Warren Hastings. Lord Macaulay had not the opportunity of retracting the errors which Mr. Forster has pointed out in his account of Swift's early life. It is not to be supposed that in these or other cases of the kind Lord Macaulay consciously persisted in error; but it would probably have been painful to him to disturb the convictions which he had once positively formed. It would be unjust to attribute his obstinacy to literary conceit or to personal vanity, for he seems to have been unusually exempt from all weakness of the kind. It is no discredit to a voluminous historian to be set right on isolated points by those who have made them the objects of special study; but the mental indolence which refuses to admit a more accurate view of truth is not a laudable quality. A great writer ought not to trust to his reputation to bear him harmless when he is justly open to criticism.

The interest of Mr. Trevelyan's biography begins with Macaulay's infancy, and sustains itself to his death. A slight sketch of his father's character and history forms an admirable introduction to the life of the more celebrated son. The virtuous austerity of the self-denying Puritan philanthropist contrasts well with the genial and joyous nature of Macaulay himself. Those who were best qualified to judge regarded Zachary Macaulay as the most efficient antagonist of the slave-trade and of slavery. To the great business of his life he sacrificed popularity and fortune, nor was he even compensated by contemporary fame; but he never repined at his own ill fortune, nor did he envy the celebrity of his coadjutors. A strong attachment between father and son was maintained in spite of entire incompatibility of character, of temperament, and of opinion. Macaulay always thought, with good reason, that he was fortunate in his birth and nurture in a strict and thrifty household, in the midst of a circle of able men who were united by a common enthusiasm for the abolition of slavery. Like many eminent men, and like many who have never become eminent, Macaulay was a precocious child. At three he was an eager reader of books; at four he explained his offer to Hannah More of some old spirits, by the remark that Robinson Crusoe was always taking old spirits. At eight or nine the boy amused his leisure by writing hymns, a Universal History, and

voluminous poems in imitation of Scott and of other poets whom he admired. He became a good classical scholar at a small private school in Cambridgeshire, where he stayed till he went to Cambridge. At this time his father intended to leave him the share of an eldest son in a considerable fortune amassed in the African trade; but the accumulation soon afterwards dwindled, and eventually disappeared; and it was fortunate that Macaulay's classical knowledge, notwithstanding his ignorance of mathematics, secured his election to a fellowship at Trinity in 1824. Two years afterwards he was called to the Bar, and joined the Northern Circuit. He had not seriously studied law, and yet there is no stranger instance of the capricious uncertainty of professional success than his total failure to obtain business. His unequalled memory and his natural eloquence would have made him a great advocate; and if he had found it worth while, he would soon have corrected his early deficiency of legal knowledge; but the attorneys of the North never discerned his capacity; and his total earnings at the Bar amounted to a single guinea for prosecuting a fowl-stealer. In 1827 Lord Lyndhurst gave him an appointment as Commissioner of Bankruptcy, which he retained till the office was abolished five or six years afterwards. In 1826 he began his connexion with the *Edinburgh Review* with the well-known article on Milton; in 1830 Lord Lansdowne returned him for Calne at a fortunate moment. His speeches on the Reform Bill at once placed him in the first rank of Parliamentary orators; and in 1832 his merits were inadequately recognized by an appointment as Commissioner of the Board of Control, and soon afterwards as Secretary. A higher honour consisted in his election for Leeds in the first Reformed Parliament. In his official capacity he assisted in passing the West Indian Emancipation Bill; but at one stage, in accordance with his father's convictions and his own, he placed his resignation in Lord Althorp's hands. During his short service at the Board of Control he chafed under the restraints of a subordinate position, and he was strongly impressed with the necessity for an independent member of Parliament of possessing a pecuniary competence. For this reason, and also that he might be enabled more efficiently to assist his family, he accepted in 1833 the place of member of the Supreme Council in India. In this capacity he effected by the Penal Code the first of many great legislative improvements in which India has anticipated England. He also became the first President of the Committee of Public Instruction, and he took an active part in removing restrictions on the freedom of the press. His superfluous energy may be measured by his own list of the books which he read in thirteen months of 1834 and 1835:—

I have read *Eschylus* twice; *Sophocles* twice; *Euripides* once; *Pindar* twice; *Callimachus*; *Apollonius Rhodius*; *Quintus Calaber*; *Theocritus* twice; *Herodotus*; *Thucydides*; almost all *Xenophon's* works; almost all *Plato*; *Aristotle's* *Politics*, and a good deal of his *Organon*, besides dipping elsewhere in him; the whole of *Plutarch's Lives*; about half of *Lucian*; two or three books of *Athenaeus*; *Plautus* twice; *Terence* twice; *Lucretius* twice; *Catullus*; *Tibullus*; *Propertius*; *Lucan*; *Statius*; *Silius Italicus*; *Livy*; *Velleius Paterculus*; *Sallust*; *Cesar*; and lastly *Cicero*. I have a little of *Cicerio* left, but I shall finish him in a few days. I am now deep in *Aristophanes* and *Lucian*.

He was at the same time beginning German, and he read parts of *Chrysostom* and *Augustine*, whose style he irreverently described as that of a field preacher.

In 1838 Macaulay left India, having accomplished his object of obtaining an independent competence, which was augmented by a legacy from his uncle, General Colin Macaulay. During his stay in India his eldest sister, who had accompanied him, married Mr. Trevelyan, then the most rising of the young civilians; and he suffered deep affliction from the death of another sister, Mrs. Cropper. His father died during his homeward voyage; but he had the good fortune to be accompanied by Mr. Trevelyan and his family, who afterwards, to his great delight, remained permanently in England. While he was travelling in Italy in the following autumn he declined an offer by Lord Melbourne of the office of Judge Advocate; and, having already conceived the plan of his History, he was inclined rather to a political than a literary life. He was at this time thirty-eight, or, as Mr. Trevelyan is pleased to say, not much past middle life. Successive ages assume a different aspect as they are regarded from the Eastern or the Western side. In the following year Macaulay's scheme of life was temporarily altered by his election for Edinburgh, and his acceptance of the office of Secretary of War with a seat in the Cabinet. Immediately after his accession to office the venial slip of dating a letter to his constituents from Windsor Castle exposed him to exaggerated ridicule and groundless abuse. The incident is only worth noticing for his own comment, many years afterwards, on the happiness of a life in which the trivial blunder and its consequences were among his gravest misfortunes. During his tenure of office he sustained his early fame as a Parliamentary speaker, and he continued to write for the *Edinburgh Review*. The brilliant Essays on Clive and Warren Hastings belong to this period. No other Minister was probably so well content when Lord Melbourne's Government was driven from office in 1841. He immediately resumed the History; he published the *Lays of Ancient Rome* which had been begun in India; and he was driven against his will by American piracies to republish his Essays written for the *Edinburgh*. In Lord John Russell's Administration of 1846 he held the sinecure post of Paymaster-General; but at the general election of 1847 he lost his seat for Edinburgh, and consequently retired for the last time from office. In 1848 the first two volumes of his great work were published, with the result of raising his literary reputation to the highest point, and of adding largely to his fortune. In 1852 the

constituency of Edinburgh retrieved the error which had been committed in 1847 by spontaneously electing Macaulay; but his interest in contemporary politics had by this time subsided, and his health began to break. He spoke, however, amid general applause, on the India Bill, and his authority and plausible argument induced the House of Commons to adopt the competitive system of appointment to the Civil Service. In 1856, in consequence of the state of his health, he resigned his seat for Edinburgh, and in the following year he gratefully accepted a peerage on the recommendation of Lord Palmerston. About the same time he received from his publishers a single cheque for 20,000*l.* in part payment of the proceeds of the second instalment of his History. From 1841 to 1856 he had lived pleasantly in the Albany, and from that time to his death at Holly Lodge on Campden Hill. At all times he found domestic society in the house of his sister, to whose children he was warmly attached. He felt as a heavy blow the departure of Sir C. Trevelyan to India as Governor of Madras in 1859. The family were to follow in a few months, and he could scarcely hope to see them again. His health at this time was breaking fast, and before the dreaded separation occurred, he died suddenly and without pain on the 28th of December, 1859. Of his character, tastes, and habits, as they are vividly described by Mr. Trevelyan, it will be more convenient to speak on another occasion.

(To be continued.)

#### WHEELER'S HISTORY OF INDIA.\*

**I**N this fourth volume Mr. Wheeler enters upon an entirely new period of history, which it would have been well for his literary fame if he had left alone. At any rate it would have been better for him to have waited until he had acquired a more accurate and better digested knowledge of Mussulman India than this volume exhibits. His previous volumes on the history of ancient India gained him some credit. They did not show great scholarship or deep research; but the results of the author's reading and observation were set forth in a clear, lively style, and an obscure portion of history was laid open to unprofessional readers. Mr. Wheeler seems to have been carried away by his success. In the volume before us he is often over-smart, his little faults have become great and glaring, and he writes more with the reckless dash of a Special Correspondent than in the tone of a sober-minded historian. We are no lovers of the dry and dismal, we have no objection to an author's enlivening his narrative with his own ideas and speculations; but in history we do object to ideas being stated as if they were facts, and opinions laid down as ascertained and settled truths. Mr. Wheeler has all a Frenchman's love for an idea. When he catches one he cherishes and pets it until he is quite carried away, and is regardless of the consequences. So we have daring generalizations, false identifications, imperfect or unimportant analogies, and discoveries of supposed reasons or influences which either exist not at all or have too much importance attached to them.

A startling passage in the preface gave us timely notice of the sort of thing to be expected:—

It will be seen [says Mr. Wheeler] in the course of the present volume that the Moghuls bore a striking resemblance to the Vedic Aryans; that the Moghul empire in India between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries was probably only a repetition of what has been apparently going on in India through unrecorded ages; that the Moghul empire in India was only the last link in a chain of empires which began in the remotest antiquity. In other words, it will be seen that the Vedic Aryans were Moghuls; that Asoka and Akber sprang from the same stock as the worshippers of the Vedic gods.

The reasons for this extraordinary opinion are stated summarily in p. 123, thus:—

The religion of the Moghuls of the thirteenth century bore a significant resemblance to that of the Hindus. There was [there was?] a primitive religion which was essentially Vedic. They presented food and wine to the four quarters of the earth in honour of fire, air, water, and ghosts. They set up domestic idols in their movable houses; they propitiated them in like manner. They poured libations on the earth, and also on the horse. They practised divination with burnt rams' horns. They had priests like Brahmins, who were skilled in astronomy, foretold eclipses, and cast nativities. They also had dirty saints resembling Hindu Yogis, who performed miracles by virtue of their sanctity and penances.

Mr. Wheeler had got his idea. He could see these resemblances, but he did not discern of how little value they are. Hindus and Moghuls are not the only races among which these and similar practices prevail; but even if the like of these things had never been known before, are they in themselves so peculiar, so essentially different from all that has been elsewhere found, that they suggest a very strong presumption of one common origin, and repel altogether the supposition of independent development? Were there nothing to be said on the other side, such analogies as these might perhaps be accepted as suggestive, but certainly not as conclusive evidence. If Mr. Wheeler had been able to control his hobby-horse, he would have remembered that there is no fact which philology and ethnology have made more clear than that the Aryans and the Moghuls are typical of widely distinct branches of the great human family. In face of this fact, such points of resemblance as he has adduced are not worthy of a moment's consideration, and we would advise him to ponder well before he proceeds

with his projected work on the Moghul origin of the Hindu people.

But Mr. Wheeler professes to strengthen his argument by comparing Asoka and Akber. Let us see what he makes of this:—

Asoka was putting down revolt in the Punjab when his father died; so was Akber. Asoka was occupied for years in conquering and consolidating his empire; so was Akber. Asoka conquered all India to the north of the Nerbudda; so did Akber. Asoka was tolerant of other religions; so was Akber. Asoka went against the priests; so did Akber. Asoka taught a religion of his own; so did Akber. Asoka abstained from flesh meat; so did Akber. In the end Asoka took refuge in Buddha, the Law and the Assembly; in the end Akber recited the formulae of Islam:—There is but one God and Muhammad is his prophet.

One point of identity has been overlooked. Asoka's name begins with A, so does Akber's. Exception might be taken to several of the premises so categorically laid down; but, taking them as they are presented, they do very little towards helping the argument that the Aryans and the Moghuls are the same race, and but few men will be disposed to concur with Mr. Wheeler when he affirms that "the likeness between Akber and Asoka is one of the most remarkable phenomena in history." It is but fair to say that, after expressing this opinion and specifying all the supposed points of analogy, he goes on to add, "Some of these coincidences are mere accidents"—an opinion in which we entirely agree; but when he arrived at this just conclusion, he ought to have blotted out the argument he had built upon the accidents.

The early chapters of the work are of course derived from Mussulman writers. The narrative is short and pointed, too short perhaps for readers who have no previous knowledge of the subject; but it is very readable, and occasionally graphic and picturesque. We observe that Mr. Wheeler repeats the old story of the Afghans being the descendants of the lost Ten Tribes. This is one of those articles of belief which, though oft refuted, reassert themselves with undiminished vitality. Affinity or difference of language ought to settle the matter, and we thought that the difference had been effectually shown, and notably by the late Lord Strangford. Mr. Wheeler makes Kutub-ud-din, the first of the "Slave Kings," one of his favourites, and classes him among the four Sultans whom he thinks the only ones "deserving of remembrance" in the course of three centuries. The distinguishing merits of this monarch are not obvious, nor are they recounted. We cannot see, either, why the dynasty of the Slave Kings should be called the dynasty of Kutub-ud-din. He was a slave who succeeded his master, and he himself was succeeded by another slave of the same master. Mr. Wheeler says, "They had been purchased as slaves, they had served as slaves, and then they had risen to favour and usurped the throne. It is, however, difficult to draw any inference from the circumstance." It is useless to seek for inferences and undercurrents when the course of events is clear and unmistakable. In default of available heirs to the throne, the reins of power fell into the hands of these men as the fittest and the strongest. They were the most prominent and powerful men at the death of their masters, and their servile origin was a mere accident. Mr. Wheeler often finds, or thinks he finds, analogies between events which have happened under former Governments and other events which have occurred, or which he thinks likely to occur, under our own, and here and there he utters a note of somewhat mysterious warning. In the thirteenth century the Khilji sovereigns "carried their arms into the Dekhan and the Peninsula; they formed closer connexions with Hindus than any previous Sultans." The result was a Hindu revolt against the Mussulman yoke, which foreshadowed the Mutiny of 1857, and in every way demands a careful study. There was a successful revolt against a foreign Government in the first instance, an unsuccessful mutiny in the second; beyond this it is difficult to see any relation between them, or to understand how one foreshadowed the other.

The ancient history of India divides itself into well-defined distinct eras—the Vedic, Brahmanical, Buddhistic, &c. In imitation of this, in the present volume,

the history of Mussulman India has been divided into four periods; they correspond to four stages in the development of the religion of the Koran; the Sunni, the Shi'a, the Sufi, and the Sunni revival. . . . Another division is the separation of the Mussulman period from the Moghul period. . . . The Moghul period has wrongly been called Mussulman. Neither Akber, nor his son Jahangir, nor his grandson Shah Jehan, has the slightest claim to be called Mussulmans.

These divisions are in a great degree fanciful, and the differences of religion on which Mr. Wheeler lays so much stress had little or no distinctive influence upon the destinies of the country. It is true that scarcely anything is heard about the Shias in the earliest period. When we come to the revolt of the Deckan we meet with Shias; still it was not a Shia revolt, as Mr. Wheeler calls it, but a revolt against a feeble central government by strong men in outlying provinces. Some of the successful rebels and their successors were Shias, others were not; lust of power was the moving principle, not religious animosity. There is no pretence for saying that the kingdoms of the Deckan sprang from Shia influences, or that they were governed entirely upon Shia principles. There was no doubt great laxity in religious matters among the Moghul emperors, but, excepting Akber, and for a part only of his reign, they were professed Muhammedans, and their government was that of a Muhammedan State. Jahangir makes a show of religion in his Autobiography, and the alternative of "Death or the Faith" which Shah Jehan offered to the Christian prisoners of Hugli ought to have secured him from a charge of apostasy. These monarchs were not good Mussulmans, but there have been many Christian sovereigns who were very bad Christians—such indeed as we often hear

\* *The History of India from the Earliest Ages.* By J. Talboys Wheeler. Vol. 4. Part I. Mussulman Rule. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

called "no Christians." If Mr. Wheeler's words are to be taken in this limited sense, we in the main agree with him; but then we shall have to look with very indulgent eyes down the long list of Sultans of Hind and yet find only few who can be called good Mussulmans.

For the reign of Jahángír Mr. Wheeler has used the "Autobiography" of that monarch. But there are two works laying claim to that title. One of them, whether it was actually written by him or not, received a distinct mark of his recognition. The other has no such approval to show. Both works have been translated into English and are equally accessible, yet Mr. Wheeler uses the unauthenticated one, and on the strength of it makes Jahángír a witness against himself. Another writer of inferior grade receives such injustice from Mr. Wheeler that it may be safely said that he knows very little of the author whom he denounces as fulsome and flatterer. Men best acquainted with the Persian historians have placed Kháfi Khán among the most truthful and trustworthy of them, and it is unfair to stigmatize him, as Mr. Wheeler has done, upon a single passage, which certainly admits of an explanation which his censor has not discovered.

For the reigns of Jahángír and his successor, Shah Jehán, Mr. Wheeler has made great use of the writings of European travellers in India. Bernier's travels and Roe's mission have been often cited before, but there are many others whose writings afford incidental notices of great value. A publication of the collected works of these travellers or a careful selection from them would throw much light upon the period to which they relate. Mr. Wheeler has done good service by his researches and by the many passages he has quoted. We venture to think, however, that he has placed too implicit a trust in them. "Travellers often see strange things," and many might consider this observation applicable to some of our Indian travellers. But putting this aside, and admitting that all their accounts of things which came under their personal observation are correct, yet how much is then left! These men had everything to learn, without any previous preparation. The languages, the customs, the laws, the administration of the country were all new to them. How many errors must they have made, how often must they have gained only limited and onesided information! For many of their stories about the inner life of the palaces and harems and the private doings of the princes and nobles they must have depended on the gossip and scandal of the day. We may trust the good faith of the reporters, but are their reports to be believed? Evidence such as theirs requires jealous consideration, and a careful weighing of probabilities on both sides. Mr. Wheeler seems to have been free from all hesitation, and to have accepted as true all that he cites. Let us see the result. In the reign of Jahángír a man named Mahábat Khán played a conspicuous part. From a private soldier he rose to be the chief noble of the empire. Jahángír became a mere tool in the hands of his queen, Núr Jehán, and Mahábat Khán was disgraced. The proud soldier was not content to be thwarted by a woman. At the head of a body of Rajpoots he made a sudden attack upon Jahángír's camp, and carried him off, a not unwilling prisoner. Mr. Wheeler says:—

Mahábat Khán was a Rajpoot; he commanded Rajpoots; he showed himself on all occasions to be a Rajpoot. His loyalty to Jahángír under the strongest provocations was an instinct in his Rajpoot nature. It shows the marked superiority of the Rajpoot to the Moghul.

The authority for Mahábat Khán's Rajpoot origin is Herbert, one of the English travellers, and Tod, the Rajpoot chronicler, whose scarce volumes we have not at hand to refer to. Mr. Wheeler says, "Jahángír, in his Autobiography, says that he (Mahábat) was an Afghan. He must refer to some other Mahábat Khán." Tod may have referred to some other Mahábat, but Jahángír certainly did not. He describes him as Zamána Beg, son of Ghayúr Beg of Kábúl, who had served him when a prince, had been honoured with the title of Mahábat Khán, and been made paymaster. This is specific enough, and is confirmed by the *Maasir ul Umard*, the Peerage of the Moghul dynasty. When Mr. Wheeler finds Mahábat Khán promoted to be Khán-Khánán, or premier noble, he feels "the statement perplexing," but does not see the necessity of reconsidering his own strongly worded statement. "Rajpoots," he says, "would obey no one but their own Raja." But Mahábat Khán was not the first nor the last thoroughbred Mahomedan that has commanded Rajpoots. Mr. Wheeler has not observed the precautions which Mahábat Khán took to secure the fidelity of the Rajpoots who served him. He had bound them by an oath, and had carried "the wives and families of many of them with them, so that if driven to extremity, they would fight to extremity for their lives and honour." This makes it perfectly clear that he was not their Raja. Like the Highlanders and other people among whom the clannish instinct is strong, the Rajpoots were ready to follow their chiefs without knowing or caring much for the quarrel in which they fought, or the general under whose supreme command they served. Akber's policy in gaining over the chiefs was of inestimable service to him and his successors, and helped to many a victory. But they were troublesome people to deal with. Shah Jehán, at this very time we are speaking of, lost a great battle through the wilfulness of one of his Rajpoot adherents.

Mr. Wheeler brings a dreadful charge against Akber, which he has apparently taken from one of the travellers, but he does not give any reference. He says:—

[Akber] had another way of getting rid of his enemies which is revolting to civilization. He kept a poisoner in his pay. He carried a box with three compartments—one for betel; another for digestive pills; a third for poisoned pills. No one dared to refuse to eat what was offered him by the

Pádisháh; the offer was esteemed an honour. How many were poisoned by Akber is unknown. The practice was in full force during the reign of his successors.

This bears such a suspicious resemblance to the stories about the Italian poisoners as at once to excite incredulity. The story, if heard at all, must have formed part of the gossip of the day; for it is quite incredible that any traveller could have acquired accurate personal knowledge of such a matter. Akber was, as Mr. Wheeler describes him, "generous and forgiving." In his wrath he was sometimes cruel; but cool, deliberate poisoning was utterly opposed to what is generally known of his nature, and at variance with all that has been written about him. One of the historians of his reign was a bigoted Mussulman, who was his rancorous enemy, and never failed to say an evil word when he could. But he brings no such charge as this. Surely this story has been too hastily adopted, with too great a liking for painting in the darkest colours.

The censures which we have felt compelled to pass on this book have been written reluctantly. Mr. Wheeler is a clever writer, and capable of better things. He has apparently written in haste, and without due preparation. But that is no excuse. The fault seems to lie yet deeper. He is evidently a man of quick perception and hasty judgment, whose feelings exercise an undue influence over him, and lead him to conclusions before his materials have been thoroughly examined.

#### DOWELL'S HISTORY OF TAXES.\*

**M**R. DOWELL tells us in his preface that "the style of writing used" in his book "is lighter than that usually adopted in treating a fiscal subject; but the reader should not infer from that attempt in his service any want of care in regard to accuracy." It would follow from this that, in Mr. Dowell's belief, lightness of style is an "attempt in the reader's service." Our experience is exactly the contrary. We believe that there is some stuff in Mr. Dowell, and that his book has been written with some "care in regard to accuracy." But we have found the lightness of his style of writing anything but a service to the reader. It has sometimes made us half inclined to shut up the book. A fiscal subject need not be dull; several fiscal subjects are treated in the course of Lord Macaulay's History in a way which is anything but dull. Who does not remember the hearth-money, the early stages of the art of banking, the beginnings of the National Debt? Now we do not expect Mr. Dowell to write like Lord Macaulay; but he might have come nearer to it if he had not set out with a fixed determination to be lively. Fiscal matters, like all other grave matters, may be made interesting by those who have the skill to make them so; but they are not made interesting when the author frisks and capers and throws up his heels of malice prepense. A certain degree of decent gravity is not out of place in dealing with such matters. There is something solemn about even an ordinary bank; and we are sure that, could we have gone with Bishop Richard of London and seen the earliest recorded Tom Brown (Magister Thomas cognomento Brunus) sitting in King Henry's Exchequer, our soul would have been bowed down with reverence. Perhaps with Mr. Dowell, who dates from the Inland Revenue Office, Somerset House, familiarity with these things may have bred contempt. We would fain speak to him in a parable. He himself tells the story of the personage whom King Edward, Queen Edith—who, by the way, he oddly turns into Eleanor—and Earl Harold saw dancing upon the money-bags. We know of no other precedent for such extreme lightness of manner in dealing with a fiscal subject. And we are sure that, on reflection, Mr. Dowell will no longer think the performance one which it is at all becoming to imitate.

It is plain that Mr. Dowell has taken a good deal of pains with his subject, and that, though he has not quite got rid of the notion that a book is book, he has to a great extent gone to the best sources. Mr. Dowell discoursing of taxes is at any rate much better than a Cabinet Minister, past or present, discoursing of Emperors. It is cheering in such times to see a public officer of any kind really working at the history of his own subject. Only it is a pity that Mr. Dowell was stirred up by some evil genius, most likely his exemplar *Tempore Regis Edwardi*, to fancy that he must needs be lively. He begins with a scrap of Molière in the first half-page; he has two scraps of English verse in the next page; here is a bit of Horace, here a bit of Isaiah; here we are told that "the following lines of Seneca are said to have produced a deep effect on the mind of Columbus," and we accordingly get the passage, which everybody knows, about "nec sit terris ultima Thule." But perhaps Mr. Dowell's greatest exploit in the way of quotation is when, just after having set up Charles the First's standard at Nottingham, he adds:—

Without departure from the course of the narrative, as confined to the history of taxation in this country, we may, in progress, put forth a hand and cull by the way a flower, if the reader will allow the expression, from under Italian skies.

No sensible reader will allow any such expression, or look upon it as any attempt in his service, when Mr. Dowell goes on to quote a page or more about taxation at Florence, "according to Sismondi." Most things with Mr. Dowell are "according to" somebody, and it does not always seem to make much difference

\* *A Sketch of the History of Taxes in England from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.* By Stephen Dowell. Vol. I. To the Civil War, 1642. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

to him whether it is "according to Stubbs" or only "according to Hume." In short, Mr. Dowell cannot be happy for a whole page without quoting somebody; only it is too bad when, in quoting from the Peterborough *Chronicles* one of those passages which everybody must quote once in his life, the description of the nineteen years of anarchy, Mr. Dowell carefully translates it into high-polite.

Yet the vice of quotation hardly equals in enormity the vice of allusion and the vice of interrogation, of both of which Mr. Dowell is very fond. He draws a picture of a knight who has gone to the crusade, and he asks, "Who, when he, the strong man armed, was beyond the seas, was to take care of goods and castle and fair *ladye*?" We had really thought that this last bit of frisky spelling was confined to those local antiquaries who seem to think that there is something either learned or lively or sanctimonious, we are not sure which, in spelling the eastern part of a great church the "*Ladye* chapel." So we get another fine frisk when the Saladin tithe draws near, and brings with it a discussion on the taxation of movables. The knight's fee suggests the knight, and the knight suggests the supposed virtues of chivalry; so we have an outburst leading to a quotation, but followed by a comment breathing the practical wisdom which is doubtless learned in the Inland Revenue Office, Somerset House:—

The king's writ to a tenant-in-chief ran "per fidem et ligantiam quam nobis debes"; true answer, as beseeched his fealty, was required from noble knight; and to speak the truth—the Spartan rule—was ever a guiding precept of chivalry.

This is a shameful thing for men to lie.

Moreover, land cannot be concealed from view; and in those days the approximate annual value of a man's possessions in land was probably no very difficult calculation to those who scrutinized the returns.

But there is also room for quotation, allusion, and interrogation in dealing with smaller people than those who held in chief of the king by knight service:—

But in the case of the tenant in socage, the mere agriculturist, would his return of his horses, and cows, and sheep, and pigs be trustworthy? Would Cerdic, the Saxon franklin, care accurately to inventory cattle and goods for the purposes of the Norman tax-gatherer? And how could his return be checked by sheriff and justice? What answer would Gurth give when it came to the point, and the fiscal question was put. "Die mihi, Dameta, cujum pecus?"—Tell me, shepherd, whose herd is this?

When we get into the quarters into which Mr. Dowell has now led us, we are at least thankful to be spared any reference to the swine and the sheep which got Norman names after they were dead. But Mr. Dowell has here given us another spelling of the mysterious "Saxon franklin." Did Scott by his "Cedric" mean "Cerdic," or what? Mr. Dowell's "Cerdic" seems to be a kind of half-way house. In another place Mr. Dowell gets on the history of towns, where we get more quotations after a fashion which shows that two good things mingled together do not always make a third good thing:—

"Here too had been splendid cities, Christian churches, noble public works, and private mansions," writes Professor Stubbs, from whose admirable work on the Constitutional History of England a considerable portion of the next page or two is derived. The reader cannot but recall the lines:—

"Addit tot egregias urbes, operante labore,  
Tot congesta manu praeruptis oppida saxis."

Professor Stubbs is true in his way, and Virgil is true in his way, but the two put together make something which is not true. No reader who has ever compared England and Italy would think of recalling the bit of Virgil after the bit of Stubbs; for Virgil, speaking of Italy, gives a description which is applicable to Italy, but which is not applicable to England. The hill-fort grown into a town, so common in Etruria and Latium, so common in a large part of Gaul, is in Britain almost unknown. The words of Virgil which exactly describe so many Italian sites could not be applied without a little straining even to Exeter and Lincoln.

In short, through the whole of Mr. Dowell's book, the dance which is performed on the money-bags so constantly catches the eye that we can hardly see the money-bags themselves. Yet we believe that the money-bags are there after all. We believe that Mr. Dowell really has taken a good deal of pains with his subject; only, under some strange notion of making his subject attractive, he has done his best to hide it under a mass of irrelevant stuff, put in simply to look sprightly. He begins by a long apology, with many quotations, for beginning at the beginning; and then he begins before the beginning; for what has "Ancient Britain"—even though derived from Brutus or from the *πύρανθιον*—to do with the history of taxation in England? "From the Roman Conquest of Britain to the Norman Conquest of England" is an odd division; yet both the wording of it and the chapter itself show that Mr. Dowell has read something. He has got up his Danegeld and such matters creditably, and he has worked hard at his Madox. But he still mistakes the one Pipe-roll of Henry the First for a Pipe-roll of Stephen; and, what is much graver, in the very act of quoting Professor Stubbs's demonstration to the contrary, he still believes, Blackstone-like, that a "feudal system" was "introduced" at some time, seemingly at the great Gemot of Salisbury. And so we go on to scutage and carucage and tallage and such like grave matters, which peep out here and there among the quotations and the bits of liveliness. There must, we suppose, be something funny, though we cannot see it, in turning "armiger quidam, dictus Robertus Camerarius," as W. Rishanger calls the man who set fire to Boston in 1288, into "Mr. Thomas Chamberlain, a gentleman of some note." Mr. Dowell makes him assemble his friends under pretence of a

tournament, which may perhaps be in some other account, but is not in Rishanger, the only one that he refers to, where we are not told how Robert's "complices vere dæmoniaci" came together. But this endless frisking and jerking simply wearies us out long before we have reached the civil war of the seventeenth century, to which Mr. Dowell professes to guide us. We got to ship-money somehow, we did not exactly know how; and then came the setting up of the standard, which made Mr. Dowell pluck the flower from under Italian skies.

If we are doing Mr. Dowell any injustice, it is really his own fault. As in duty bound, we made a vigorous effort to get through the serious parts of his book. But our strength failed us; the fun had worn us out. We fully believe that there is some stuff in Mr. Dowell's book. If he will send us another copy, or another edition, or another volume, without any jokes, without any quotations save from actual authorities, something plain and straightforward that one can read calmly, like a Pipe-roll or Kelham's Domesday Illustrated, without being jerked up and down in every page, we shall by that time perhaps have got over the sad effects of his merriment, and we may be able to deal with him as a serious writer.

#### BISHOP SUMNER.\*

THE present is an age of biographies. The number of books of this kind with which we have been supplied during the last few years is enough to make one despair of human progress. So many persons have been taken away who appear, under the skilful treatment of their biographers, to be altogether unlike their survivors, that the man may be pardoned who thinks that the world is in a fair way to ruin for lack of great men to rule and guide it. There really must be some limit. In whom the authority shall be vested of drawing the line which shall exclude the commonplace we cannot say; but until some such censorship is exercised, we can only be on our guard against the exaggeration which is the special snare of the biographer, and naturally so when the subject of his labours has been connected with him by kinship and affection. Having carefully read the book before us from beginning to end, we have more than once been puzzled to answer the question which persistently presented itself to our mind, Why was such a book written at all? Bishop Sumner was an eminently respectable prelate, but beyond the fact of his having become a bishop at the unusually early age of thirty-six, and continued to hold his see until he was in his eightieth year, we can see nothing in his career deserving especially to be chronicled. The highest ecclesiastical personage in these realms said on a recent public occasion that the most exalted positions in the English Church were not gained exclusively by merit, but that luck had a good deal to do with it. Bishop Sumner, at any rate, was pre-eminently a lucky man. The son of a country rector, without University distinction, he became a bishop and dean at thirty-six, having previously held two canonries; and for forty years he filled the historic see of Winchester, being the last of its Prince Bishops who enjoyed its lordly revenues without the control of Ecclesiastical Commissioners or the "sweet simplicity" of a fixed income. The "wisdom, zeal, power, and Christian love" which his biographer claims for him were no doubt his in the measure and degree in which all Christian ministers of blameless life possess them; but we cannot gather from his biography that they were found in Bishop Sumner in any exceptional measure. We have no doubt that there have been hundreds and thousands of conscientious clergymen serving in the Church of England during the lifetime of their more fortunate contemporary, in no degree his inferiors either in mental or moral qualities, but who have passed away and found no *Vates Sacer* because their lot was cast in the shade.

Mr. Sumner seems to have been not only fortunate, but even from his boyhood to have borne himself in a way that made him, if not exactly popular, yet a person of consideration. We pass over the inevitable goody stories of his childhood, from which so few biographers can refrain, and which Mr. Sumner is the more inexcusable for retailing inasmuch as he rejoices that "few records of his early years remain." At Eton he had for his intimate friends the future judges Patteson and Coleridge; they were his seniors, and left school before him, but in 1809 Coleridge wrote to Patteson, "You found Sumner prince of the school, just as amiable and respectable as ever, but not so happy, for he is miserably left alone by our departure." At the age of twenty Mr. Sumner entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and in the usual course took his B.A. degree; his undergraduate career, as respectable in all ways as his schoolboy course had been, had served to sow the seed of his future success in life, for he made friends with Lord Mount Charles and Lord Francis Conyngham, sons of the Marquess of Conyngham. Everything tended to smooth his path; the Marquess asked him to travel with his sons for two years, promising him a living or an equivalent at the end of that time. The young tutor was still a layman, and protracted ramblings on the Continent did not seem to be the most efficacious means of preparing himself for the position of a beneficed clergyman; but a pliant prelate of Norwich was found ready to ordain

\* Life of Charles Richard Sumner, D.D., Bishop of Winchester, and Prelate of the Most Noble Order of the Garter during a Forty Years' Episcopate. By the Rev. George Henry Sumner, M.A., Hon. Canon of Winchester, and Rector of Old Alresford, Hants. London: John Murray. 1876.

him without the legal title, and the young deacon and his pupils set out on their travels. At Geneva he met his future wife, and this changed his plans at once; he now looked to returning to England, and in 1816 he was settled at Highclere as curate, with a house full of pupils. Even here his luck stood by him. To some young men possessing no University distinction such a curacy as Highclere, with six pupils at £50 per annum apiece, might have seemed a sufficiently good resting-place; but this life was described by his brother, who in his turn became Archbishop of Canterbury, as "enduring hardness," and the prospect of immediate promotion led the same brother to write:—"The same light which the obscurity of a curacy has not concealed will equally, I dare predict, prove itself a light from heaven, now that it shall shine more publicly in the sight of men." The whole family, so far as we can judge from the correspondence, formed a mutual admiration society; they practised infinite courtesy among themselves, and seem to have had a very pleasant sense of their own superiority, individually and collectively. The five years of hardness at Highclere were once nearly interrupted by the offer of an endowed school at Enniskillen, with an assured income of £800 per annum. The matter was duly weighed, and the offer was declined; yet in two years' time, when it was supposed that stall at St. George's, Windsor, was about to be conferred on him, Mr. Sumner received a letter from his uncle, containing the following comfortable words:—"Thus has your conscientious decision relative to the Irish preferment been rewarded even in this life."

So it was that virtue was rewarded more substantially than is always the case. Mr. Sumner's first pupils seem to have been models of gratitude; they never forgot their tutor, and now that they were high in the favour of George IV. and attached to the Royal Household, they endeavoured to make Mr. Sumner partaker of their exaltation. The result of their representations was that Mr. Sumner was summoned to Brighton, dined with the King the same night, and after dinner was kept for three hours in conversation by His Majesty. What it was that impressed the King we are not told; but the Royal discerner of spirits at once offered the young curate a canonry at Windsor. This was done without consulting Lord Liverpool, the Premier, who refused to ratify the appointment, and threatened to resign his office; a very pretty quarrel ensued, and the letters which passed are full of recriminations and petulant complaints; but the Prime Minister was firm. The King pleaded that his word had been pledged; the Court were in dismay; Lord Mount Charles wrote in such anguish that his grammar failed him; still the Minister was resolute. But out of this wrangle ultimate profit and advancement were secured to the fortunate subject of it; the King, baffled on one hand, was only the more eager to promote the advancement of his protégé. He immediately made him his Private Chaplain, assigning him a house in the Park at Windsor:—

Other arrangements are in progress [wrote Lord Mount Charles] which, if they take place, will, I trust, make you as comfortable as the Canony; it is true you will not be Canon of Windsor this time, but, as the King most kindly quoted at dinner when he saw my agony:—

"Nil desperandum Teucro due et auspice Teucro."

You cannot conceive what he suffered on the occasion. He is, without exception, the best-hearted man that ever breathed.

The present generation will perhaps be grateful for this contemporary estimate of our modern Teucer.

The "other arrangements" were completed, and Mr. Sumner soon afterwards wrote:—"All my appointments are confirmed, and I shall have a living, perhaps immediately, certainly very soon; it is Lyme, in Dorsetshire, on the sea-coast. This prospect is delightful," he adds; but whether he refers to his prospects of preferment or to the prospect from its vicarage we are not told. But Lyme did not receive Mr. Sumner for its vicar; the first living offered to him was Abingdon, which was accepted; and here Mr. Carter, the curate, was retained in his position; he was "so much liked that it would be a great injustice, both to him and the parish, not to continue him as curate." What was the subsequent lot of this exemplary curate we do not gather; perhaps he died a curate; but this we know, that in six months he must have had to make terms with another vicar, for Mr. Sumner was in that time made Canon of Worcester. An offer of the Bishopric of Jamaica was made in 1824, and declined by the King's command, who had richer gifts in store; in the following year the Worcester stall was exchanged for one at Canterbury, to which was added the promise of the next bishopric that should fall vacant. Sir W. Knighton, in revealing the King's intentions, added:—"Now, dear friend, you must begin to do everything as if you were at this moment a bishop. Be so good as to get rid of your shirt frill and trousers. It is the King's wish that you immediately take your Doctor's degree"; and without delay the University made Mr. Sumner D.D. by Royal mandate. In the following year the Royal word was kept, and Mr. Sumner became Bishop of Llandaff and Dean of St. Paul's; on all sides congratulations poured in, the Bishop of Chichester adding:—"You will want the attendance of two bishops at your consecration at Lambeth; I shall be most happy to render you my services on that occasion." The Bishop of St. David's (Jenkinson) kindly gave him his own experiences of the episcopal wig, which he thought would be comforting to a novice:—"I was annoyed by it at first, but I have now got used to it." It is melancholy to reflect that, in spite of this consolation, its recipient should have lived to discard that solemn head-gear. In the following year Dr.

Sumner reached the limit of his prosperity, being translated to the see of Winchester at the age of thirty-seven.

If we were to accept the estimate of his biographer, we should be led to believe that no such episcopate has been elsewhere witnessed; but in truth the Bishop's career was sufficiently creditable fearlessly to challenge criticism, though not to call for unlimited panegyric. He was a sensible, clear-headed man of business, a diligent correspondent, earnest in the cause of education and of Church building; great progress, especially in regard to education, having been made in the diocese during the forty-two years of his rule; but it must be remembered that this long period included the epoch most fruitful of zeal and devotion in the history of the Church of England, while it would be ridiculous to assert that Winchester was in any respect the leading diocese. He refused all offers of commutation from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and he acted with much munificence in appropriating the value of his rights in an estate at Southwark to the increase of poor benefices. On many occasions he showed sound common sense, and once at least was not too timid to avow his sympathies with the weaker side when he thought the weaker side was in the right. In the agricultural riots of 1830 he received the discontented peasantry at Farnham Castle, and, instead of prescribing hydropathic treatment in the nearest horse-pond—a suggestion which it was reserved for a younger bishop to originate—he remonstrated with the farmers, and obtained an increase of wages for the labourers. This was all the more creditable to him inasmuch as it endangered his popularity, and popularity he valued very highly. He had the elements of it very much at his command—a genial presence, powers of conversation, and ample revenue. He was a courtier by conviction and diligent practice, and he always seemed to be impressed by the feeling that when he ceased to be popular he would begin to be nobody; and this, while it saved him from fanaticism, narrowed his sympathies, and in some instances made him unjust. Mr. Sumner is anxious to show that "the Bishop was no party man" (p. 413); that "no one was more tolerant than the Bishop" (p. 412); and, apparently with the view of enforcing this, he quotes from the late Sir J. T. Coleridge's Memoir of Keble an extract from a letter of Mr. Keble in which he describes a charge of the Bishop's as "really admirable," "and, as to matter, very instructive"; but in so doing he forgets that the mention of Mr. Keble's name recalls to all who have any memory incidents of Bishop Sumner's episcopal administration which a more cautious biographer would have taken care not to revive. Beyond the notorious fact that for the greater part of his episcopate Mr. Keble was vicar of Hursley, and never received even the slightest recognition of his Bishop's favour, it is hardly less notorious that he was the object of the Bishop's marked suspicion; and we think Mr. Sumner would have been more ingenuous if, when he had Sir J. Coleridge's Memoir before him, he had not contented himself with quoting Mr. Keble's friendly estimate of his father's charge, but had also quoted Sir J. Coleridge's remarks on the way in which Mr. Keble's manifold claims for preferment were passed over to the detriment of the Church herself; or had given the passage where, in the most delicate way, the story is briefly told of the special hardship under which Mr. Keble laboured from the fact of his curate being in deacon's orders. The Bishop had erected an isolated passage in Hooker's Fifth Book into a standard of faith, and in so doing had done what the Church had never attempted or wished to do; the curate declined to subscribe to any tests which the Church had not prescribed, and for seventeen years, while friendship for his vicar retained him at Hursley, the prejudices of his Bishop kept him a deacon. At last, when Mr. Keble's frequent and necessary exposure of himself at night while performing his parochial work gave the greatest concern to his friends, Sir J. T. Coleridge endeavoured to move the Bishop. He wrote, "From anxiety for one friend and confidence in the personal kindness of the other, I made an attempt which was unsuccessful." This led to the departure of the curate, who found no difficulty in obtaining priest's orders and preferment in another diocese, where the Bishop did not consider himself wiser than the Church. The man who ruled his diocese and distributed his patronage so as to leave the author of the *Christian Year* in unrewarded obscurity is self-convicted of mediocrity; and we imagine that all who read the work before us with any knowledge of what the diocese of Winchester has been, and who were the men that most readily found favour with Bishop Sumner, will ascribe to the not unnatural partiality of his biographer the estimate which he has formed of his influence in the Church. We do not think that members of Convocation or of the Lambeth Conference of 1867 have any recollection of his having swayed those bodies by the force of his character and eloquence, as he is represented to have done.

The more we study the book the more we are puzzled to divine what purpose it can have been intended to serve. Of a bishop whose one pre-eminent distinction was extraordinary good fortune a biography of fifty pages might surely have chronicled all that required to be commemorated; but the biographer, having the task before him, felt himself bound to compile a book of the regulation size, and so we have a volume of 480 closely printed pages, containing infinite gossip on all conceivable topics of no interest, including descriptions of such remote places as Ramsgate, Ghent, Geneva, Devonshire, Cornwall, and the Lakes, with details of meals taken on his walking tours and travels. The memory of a man worthy of a formal biography is not honoured by being mixed up with such a farrago.

[April 22, 1876.]

## APPLETON'S NILE JOURNAL.\*

**I**N his dedication Mr. Appleton expresses such a profound consciousness of the small proportion of valuable residuum left by "the turbid overflow of journalizing travel," that we can only express our surprise at his having decided to publish his own notes. For the Nile in particular has been done with most monotonous iteration from Cairo to the Upper Cataracts. The familiar tombs and temples stand just as they have stood since they burst upon the marvelling gaze of the fathers of modern tourists. Moralizing on the memories of the past has worn itself threadbare. The life of the dahabeah, from shooting the pigeons to shooting the rapids, must of necessity be singularly devoid of incidents of novelty. Everybody to be met with on the banks of the venerable river is an old and intimate acquaintance, from the obsequious native Vice-Consul to the vociferous and independent Reis of the Cataracts; and the occasional disinterment of some new bit of buried treasure scarcely furnishes matter for a fresh volume of travel. If a Nile traveller hopes to make a hit nowadays, he must turn his attention in the direction of the practical, like Mr. Eden when he published his serviceable little book with the object of making people independent of the hitherto inevitable dragoman. But when a man lays himself out to expatiate on the witchery of the sacred river in the aesthetic and romantic vein, even a Lamartine or a Kinglake would be hard put to it, and we cannot congratulate Mr. Appleton on having achieved a distinguished success. He says in his dedication that his journal is like a thousand others, "full of trivial details, and without learning or eloquence." But there he wrongs himself. As for the trivial details, we would very willingly have more of them, for those little incidents of dahabeah life which are always varying can alone brighten up chapters that treat of hackneyed themes. As for learning, he does not profess much of it, we grant; but, indeed, after the indefatigable researches of a host of historians and archaeologists, any display of the modern "learning of the Egyptians" can at best be merely a *réchauffé*. But Mr. Appleton's pages positively teem with eloquence. From the opening sentences in the very first page the style goes on swelling and rising, like the Nile flood, till we are nearly carried off our legs in a rush of epithets and magnificent metaphor. As Mr. Appleton kept his journal for the entertainment of himself and his nieces, and only gave it to the public as an afterthought, we presume that tall thinking and grandiloquent expression come to him by instinct. But many of his qualifying, or rather aggravating, adjectives are so quaintly misplaced, so oddly inapplicable, or so visibly far-fetched, that we might have fancied he had wiled away the wearisome hours by exerting his ingenuity in parodying Mrs. Malaprop. Through the first half of the volume at least, he seems to have made a practice of discarding any expression that is plain, simple, and intelligible; nor is it only the admiration of some stupendous temple or the intoxication of some gorgeous sunset that fans into a flush of rapturous transport the latent poetry of the author's temperament. But when human nature has an undue strain put upon it things must arrive all the sooner at the inevitable climax, and (Mr. Appleton's metaphorical manner is catching) when the Nile inundation is at its height it begins steadily to subside. Happily for the author and his readers, the latter half of the Journal is simple and unpretentious in comparison with the former; and of a sudden we are conscious of a grateful relief, as if we were gliding along in peaceful waters after having cleared the sensational confusion of the cataracts.

To give our readers some notion of Mr. Appleton's style, we may cull at random a few of his flowers of speech, beginning with the very first of his paragraphs, where "this Journal gets launched out of the embayed sweetness of our earlier hours." "How unlike last evening, when Egypt melted our being in its twilight, and we hung like flies in amber in the golden peace around us!" Next day, "as the sky began to clarify," and the "ghostly films of clouds were smoothing into the deep, thoughtful brow of Egyptian day," the voyagers experienced the strange physical or psychological phenomenon of "lapping the sunshine with their Northern nerves." Taking a comprehensive glance at Nile natural history, we hear, *inter alia*, of the flies that figured in the plagues inflicted upon Pharaoh being stimulated in this nineteenth century "by the virus of millenniums of infants' eyes." The wicked vulture hangs in the sky, "its shaggy pin-feathers dark against the brightness." There are storks standing "silent and silvery, tessellating the brown sand bars"; and the pelicans are "shining like ingots of silver against the gold of the sunset." Whether Mr. Appleton is under the impression that the Nile Valley was settled much earlier than Mesopotamia or Syria, for instance, we do not know; but of a Sunday he moralizes thus:—"Sunday; such an eternity of years has poured through this valley since man first lived here that time almost melts into the white light of eternity." The figures in the temples of Luxor move before their eyes, "a procession of spirits, stripped of materialism and fastuous colour, friendly, yet remote, half imparting and half hiding their secret." The groves of palm trees are, if we rightly understand a somewhat obscure passage, singing hosannas and waving their branches in praise of their beautiful river, and we may listen to what is the "tumultuous discord of the beauty" of the dew, the morning, or the evening, according as we may choose to interpret the context. But, although the Nile life may have been in great measure rhapsody,

"it was not wholly dream." For "there is a peculiar effort of the mind, which moves like a questing hand among the dim places of the past, and puts up the game of fresh thought and restored life." Indeed, had it not been for occasional references to sport, and the fact that the writer was fond of shooting, from the internal evidences of thought and style we should have been inclined to set down "T. G. Appleton" as a romantic young lady. For he has a feminine weakness for gushing on the slightest provocation, and such deceptive little touches as "our dear Nile" are frequently to be met with.

As we have implied already, there is more that is original in the manner than in the matter of this journal, so that we have been tempted to linger over the former. And although we may regret the scarcity of "trivial details" and lively little episodes, yet the book is not altogether barren of these. Occasionally, too, Mr. Appleton does put something in a new light, or does say something suggestive. Thus he makes the very sensible remark in one place that it is the blemish of most Nile journals that, while they dilate on the sweets of the voyage, they say little or nothing of the bitters. This idea was borne in upon him at Derr, where a concatenation of untoward events tried a very equable temper. All the people on board seem to have suffered sympathetically; for the usually good-humoured sailors took to quarrelling, and one of them was thrown overboard. The weather, which had promised magnificently the night before, had taken a sudden turn for the worse. Though the wind came from the south, it blew chillingly. "Nature, stripped of gold and purple, is in sack-cloth and ashes"; the scenery looked dull; the palms had ceased singing hosannas and looked like brooms, while the clouds of drifting sand blew over the colourless water. It was a disagreeable change enough from the evening before, when "silvery lawn, fine as if spun by the fairies, was drawn across the sky, and this, touched by the light of the departed sun, made the whole heavens seem as if powdered with rose leaves." On days like that, something worse than mere ennui must weigh upon the clouded spirits; and Mr. Appleton's own feelings no doubt enabled him to sympathize the more easily with those of an unlucky Greek gentleman who had been indebted to him the evening before for a cigar and bottle of claret. Of all places in the world, the Greek had selected Derr for his *villesgiatura*, and no wonder that "he seemed hungry for chat," and pronounced the place of his sojourn dull. On the downward voyage the tourists really had an adventure. One morning as they were putting off, there rose a great clamour on the bank; a young Nubian, making his escape from a tyrannical master, had bolted on board the dahabeah, and the pilot, although a countryman of his own, wanted to give up the fugitive. The worthy dragoman, however, a British subject, would not hear of this; he struck an attitude with the British flag in one hand and his revolver in the other, while Mr. Appleton, rushing upon deck in his night-dress, came opportunely to use his authority to compel the pilot to make a start. Two days afterwards the mob of one of the villages made another serious attempt at recapture, which was again repelled. In a word, as Robinson Crusoe says, the lad stayed with them, learning to make himself as useful in the pantry and at the dinner-table as his uneducated clumsiness would allow. But in the course of the cruise they had been picking up other protégés till they ended by collecting a regular menagerie. The poultry coops of course were being steadily emptied and replenished, but the cook had a family of pet pigeons which appear to have been spared. There was a very fascinating kitten, christened Kili, which grew too quickly into a cat, and a gazelle, the embodiment of grace and gentleness, which they bought from a woman that had tamed it. They were less successful with an infant crocodile, taken in a fisherman's net, and small enough to disport itself in a basin of water. Small as he was, he already snapped by instinct, and it was owing perhaps to his morose disposition that he only survived his capture a few days. Mr. Appleton had some conversation with Mariette Bey, who bitterly deplored the vandalism of certain tourists; those who have least appreciation of art being most unprincipled in mutilating its monuments by way of providing themselves with *souvenirs* of Egypt. Often, when the Bey has made some interesting discovery, he is obliged to cover it up carefully again; and should the Khedive become more liberal in the way of enlarging his staff of guardians, there are many treasures discovered and concealed again which will once more be finally restored to the light. As Mr. Appleton says, reasonably enough, enlightened measures of this kind would probably pay indirectly; for the more numerous and attractive the exhibition of remains of antiquity, the greater will be the influx of wealthy travellers to visit it. We may add that the cost to the Government might be insignificant. For once it would matter but little if the conservators received infinitesimal pay, and if the pay were suffered to run indefinitely into arrear. They could scarcely tamper with the monuments in their charge without imminent danger of detection; and in any case they would be sure to lay travellers under contribution for the *backshish* that would be seldom refused them.

## ROME DURING THE VATICAN COUNCIL.\*

**A** BOOK worthy of the best days of Italian thought"—such is the eulogium passed by Mr. Gladstone seven months ago

\* *Eight Months at Rome during the Vatican Council: Impressions of a Contemporary.* By Pomponio Leto. Translated from the Original. London: John Murray. 1876.

on this remarkable volume; and it is with much pleasure that we now welcome an English translation of it. The book has made a considerable sensation in Italy, partly by reason of its conspicuous intellectual and literary ability, and partly on account of the mystery in which its authorship was for some time shrouded. It was clear from internal evidence that the author was an eyewitness of the events which he relates; and indeed he does not leave the reader in any doubt as to that point, for he frankly declares that "there is very little related of which the author was not a personal witness, or which he did not receive on authority of equivalent value." After a time suspicion fell on the Marquis Nobili-Vitelleschi, who was supposed to have received his information from some friend in the Council; but it is now pretty well understood in Italy that, whatever part the Marquis may have taken in the publication of the book, it embodies throughout the ideas and in a large measure the language of the Marquis's brother, who sat in the Council as Bishop of Osimo and Cingoli, and who died some months ago, at a comparatively early age, a few weeks after receiving the cardinal's hat. He was a man of wide culture and of liberal opinions and sympathies, combining an aptitude for philosophical speculation with the sagacity of a practical statesman; yet withal a sincere and devout Catholic. The Liberal Catholics of Italy—a larger party than is commonly supposed—had built great hopes on Mgr. Vitelleschi. In spite of his known liberal opinions, he was personally popular with the Roman Curia, and his name was sometimes mentioned among those likely to succeed the present Pope. His premature death has put an end to all those hopes; and this volume of vivid "Impressions" and profound reflections shows what he might have been to his Church and country had his life been prolonged.

Cardinal Vitelleschi—for we shall speak of the book as his, though we do not by any means wish to ignore his brother's share in its production—does not appear to have disapproved of the summoning of the Vatican Council. Here and there, indeed, he uses language which seems to imply some misgiving as to the wisdom of the enterprise. The Pope, for example, had availed himself of a public occasion to declare "that it was not only wrong, but blasphemous, to say that the Church needed reform." "If there was nothing requiring change," retorts our author, "what was the use of summoning the Vatican Council three centuries after the last that was held?" But suppose there was something to change, there was something to reform. So that, if the Pope used the phrase in an absolute sense, he condemned himself for having summoned the Council; and this opinion would perhaps be in accordance with that of several prelates, and even of some cardinals of the Roman Curia." It was not, however, because he saw no need of reform that Vitelleschi had his doubts about the policy of summoning a Council, but because he had no confidence either in the disposition or capacity of the dominant party in his Church to cope with the evils which he saw paralysing her energies and menacing her future. To think of averting these dangers by proclaiming the infallibility of the Pope under the sanction of an anathema seemed to him as futile and as mischievous as Mr. Disraeli's recent device for arresting the conquests of Russia in Central Asia seems to us:—

Are there no defects in the Catholic religion [he asks], save those regarding its authority? Is that the only subject worth consideration? Is the loss of the temporal power the sole evil on which we should deliberate? Could no other matters be found worthy to occupy the attention of an Ecumenical Council called together after the lapse of three centuries to deliberate on the interests of religion? For instance, would it not be a suitable inquiry for the Ecumenical Council of the nineteenth century to examine into the cause of the various evils that affect the Catholic populations of our age; their abnormal condition in many ways, the slowness of their growth, and their relative inferiority, moral, civil, and political? An inferiority which is in proportion to the greater or less prevalence of the system presented in the scheme [he means the *Schema de Ecclesia* debated in the Council]. No very profound statistical knowledge is necessary; one can see at a glance the difference in prosperity and of civilization to be found in Spain as compared with England, and in Ireland as compared with the sister Isle, or as between Portugal and Holland, between South and North America, between Italy and Germany, between Savoy and Switzerland, and in this latter country between the Catholic and Protestant cantons.

That questions like these should be publicly propounded by an Italian bishop is sufficiently remarkable, and the answer which he gives to them is not less so. He finds that populations moulded by the Papacy are behind their neighbours, not only in temporal well-being, but also in the arts and sciences, "in grand undertakings," and "in all those useful institutions by which mankind can render homage to the Creator." It is in France that he finds the best illustration of these reflections, since that country presents at once the two sides of the picture. On the one hand, she appears as the rival of the foremost nations; their rival in literature, in art and science, in philosophy, in industry, and in general prosperity. But there is another side to this fair picture which shows France as on a level with the countries which have dropped out of the ranks in the march of modern civilization. Can we assign a reason for this duality in the life of a single nation? The author thinks we can:—

Beginning from the encyclopædist down to the learned men of the present day, how many of the *savants*, and of those who have in any way assisted in the growth of Modern France, would have been recognized by Rome as her children? How many laws, how many institutions, and what amount of learning would have been of necessity lost to France had the voice of Rome prevailed in that country? Imagine the consequences to France as regards culture and science had her intellectual progress been subjected for a century to the corrections and revisions of the Roman Index. What part can the influence of Catholicism (using that term in

the Ultramontane sense) claim in the civil glory and intellectual progress of France?

The author's reference to the encyclopædist must not mislead the reader into supposing that he had any sympathy with those who think that even civil progress is possible without the stimulus and the sanctions of religion. On the contrary, he insists on "a strong and living faith" as a necessary element alike in the birth and development of any civilization worthy of the name. It was the elements of true religion which they contained that inspired the fairest forms of Pagan civilization, and in each the degeneration of the civil polity proceeded *pari passu* with the corruption of the religious sentiment. What he deprecates is that system of absolutism which reached its culmination in the Vatican Council, and which necessarily forces out of the Church, and consequently into activity independently of her, and sometimes against her, some of those elements in the formation of character which are essential to the orderly development of humanity. And the result of this policy is visible in the contrast which the author observes between those States which have been moulded by it and those which have comparatively escaped its influence. In the former he sees moral and intellectual stagnation, tempered occasionally by violent ebullitions of "the spirit of revolution"—not that legitimate revolution which expresses the universal law of progress, but that "which signifies the violent, brutal, and envious revolt" of the human passions against lawful authority. In the latter there has been a "chronic revolution" also; but it has been, on the whole, the peaceful revolution of social forces working out their predestined ends. The social and political progress which is the glory of the last two centuries in Europe and America has been achieved in spite of the doctrines of the Roman Curia. On the other hand, those States, in South America and elsewhere, in which those doctrines have had full play, are the reproach of modern civilization, and should furnish the Church of Rome with a subject "for sad meditation."

What is the explanation of these contrasts? Only two explanations seem possible to the author. The state of things which he describes must either be the effect of a difference in the moral and intellectual training of the populations in question, or it must result from some peculiar idiosyncrasies of race or influences of climate. The partisans of Ultramontanism would prefer the latter hypothesis as "the most convenient, though the most humiliating for humanity, and, if true, involving irreparable evil." The author, however, prefers the former, and justifies his preference by an acute and most interesting analysis of the intellectual and moral discipline to which the populations of Roman Catholic countries are usually subject, and which he is careful to distinguish from "Catholicism itself." We must refer the reader to the masterly chapter in which the author works out this part of his subject, and can here only indicate some of its points. He traces most of the mischief to the undue exaltation of "the principle of authority," which, "owing to the natural tendency of the institutions founded upon it, has been always exaggerated to such an extent in Catholic education, that on all subjects, and in every way, it has usurped the first place, and has produced the blindest submission corresponding to the most absolute power." The effect of this training is to weaken, and sometimes to suppress, the working of the individual conscience, which is absorbed in "the conscience of Church authority." The sense of personal responsibility hardly exists, "and so the perception of good and evil ceases to be personal and spontaneous, and becomes reflective and obligatory." "It often happens"—such is the startling statement of a Bishop and Cardinal of the Roman Church—"that a Catholic, unless gifted with an unusual superiority of mind, has no knowledge of good and evil other than that which he derives from the external authority, which in many cases is represented by any chance individual. Nor is this only with regard to questions of principle, where such help may be sometimes both desirable and salutary; the same external direction is applied on all occasions, in all contingencies, in the everyday life of the people, and is carried by simple natures into trivial details and matters of no importance."

A director charged with this minute control over the conscience ought to be, not only very wise, but very holy. But since the mass of directors are not thus qualified, "the human conscience, being often ill guided, is likely to go astray; at any rate, never having learnt to reflect and judge for itself, it loses the capacity for so doing, grows gradually weaker, and at last becomes impotent, just as the limbs of the body, if never used, lose their strength." A double evil results from this state of things. A person brought up in the way described is helpless the moment he finds himself in circumstances where it is necessary for him to decide for himself, "and the recoil from such a despotism frequently throws the pupils of the Jesuits into the wildest revolutionary excesses." The second evil is thus described by the author:—

In the second place, the external authority can only find expression through words spoken or written, and, being unable to follow the infinite complexities of human action or to discern the secret recesses of the human heart, cannot give a rule of right and wrong to meet all contingencies; so that there must still remain many cases in which an individual, being without that guidance, can only ascertain the right course by consulting the delicate and indefinable instinct of his own conscience. Hence arise the subtleties, the mental compromises, and the disingenuousness too frequently met with among our people.

We have not space to follow the author through the rest of his analysis. His conclusion is that the system of education prevalent in Roman Catholic countries "tends to form, instead of a Catholic world, a Catholic party, gradually sepa-

[April 22, 1876.]

rating it in all countries from the habits, the interests, and the affections of the rest of the nation." It erects a barrier against the progress of modern civilization among Roman Catholic nations by the establishment of "an authority at once inflexible and incapable of carrying out its designs," "strong enough to overpower all resistance from its subjects, but incapable of assimilating them to itself." From the nature of the case "it is an authority ever at war with the rest of the world; ready and eager to create difficulties in the civil society in which it moves, but unable to conquer in the battle it has provoked." This is the policy which, after centuries of struggle, received its final triumph and consecration within the Church of Rome in the Council of the Vatican, and perhaps received at the same time the first impetus towards its eventual overthrow. The Roman Catholic Church is at this moment a theocracy the most absolute and unlimited which the world has yet seen. The whole fabric is centred in the Bishop of Rome, to whose irresponsible will the members of the communion which he rules must henceforth conform their conduct in faith and morals—that is, in all that relates to their life on earth. Whatever control circumstances may exercise over decisions of individual Popes, it is certain that, in decreeing what the author calls their "apotheosis," the Vatican Council took care that no such control should ever be exercised by the Church. The whole Episcopate voluntarily divested itself of every rag of jurisdiction, for it placed under the ban of an anathema all who should dare to question the Pope's "total plenitude of supreme power," which "supreme power" is defined as being "ordinary and immediate, sive in omnes et singulas Ecclesias, sive in omnes et singulos pastores et fideles." The Episcopate is thus degraded, as the author truly observes, to the condition of mere "official delegates," without any inherent jurisdiction in matters of discipline, and without any share in the teaching power of the Church, since the Pope's definitions in faith and morals are declared to be independent of the consent of the Church.

How this revolution has been brought about is recorded, step by step, in this striking volume. The book is divided into chapters, corresponding to the months during which the Council sat; so that it is partly a chronicle of what took place at the Council, and partly a record of the "impressions" that the events made upon a mind of singular breadth and power, which enjoyed the advantage of viewing these events from the vantage ground of an actor in the scene. "It may truly be affirmed," says Cardinal Manning in his Pastoral on the Council, "that never was there a greater unanimity than in the Vatican Council," and he goes on to denounce as "calumnious falsehoods, fabricated to bring the Council into odium and contempt," "the descriptions of violence, outrages, menace, denunciation," "with which certain newspapers deceived the world." We can only say that these descriptions are amply corroborated in the pages of "Pomponio Leto." Cardinal Manning's anger is, however, natural enough under the circumstances, as the following quotation from our author will show:—

History is bound to award to the author and originator of every work the praise or blame which is due to him. All must remember the part taken by the Fathers of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and Monsignor Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, in promoting the dogma of the personal Infallibility of the Pope, and all know that it was their mind and their will that carried it. On the day of the promulgation of the dogma Monsignor Manning received as a gift, from the Society of the Jesuits, a portrait of Bellarmine with the following inscription—

HENRICO EDWARDO MANNING,  
ARCHIEP. WESTMONAST.  
SODALE SOC. JESU,  
COLLEGII CIVILITATIS CATHOLICE,  
SESSIONIS IV. CONCILII VATICANI  
MNEMOSYNON.

We cannot dismiss the volume without bearing our testimony to the excellence of the translation. We have compared it with the original, and can say with confidence that it is as faithful as it is vigorous and readable. We may add that the book is enriched by an appendix containing the full text of a number of important documents, several of which are only given in summary or in part in the Italian version.

#### JEBB'S ATTIC ORATORS.\*

NO more solid proof of the enlarged scope of classical scholarship in this country has appeared within the last score of years than this essay of a most competent scholar to write the history of Greek oratory. Till now it has been the fashion of nineteen out of twenty Greek students to content themselves with one or two masterpieces of Demosthenes and Eschines, to which here and there one might add an oration or a letter of Isocrates. But the thought of working back to the origin of Greek oratory, of getting a systematic insight into those steps in the formation of style which are marked by the names of Antiphon, Andocides, Lysias, Isocrates, and Iseus, and of discovering in these the bases on which the mightiest masters of Attic eloquence built their glorious superstructure, has, if it ever occurred to any English scholar, not been seriously followed up. Whilst there has hitherto been nothing like an adequate sketch of the rise and progress of Greek oratory, even for the use of general readers, the fact that

Dobson's edition of the Greek orators, *cum notis variorum*, in sixteen volumes (London, 1828), has always been a drug on the market, bespeaks at the same time the general prejudice on the subject, and the boldness and merit of the scholar who rises superior to it. Mr. Jebb proposes to himself two objects, directly or indirectly bearing on the history and advancement of literature—first, to trace the influence of Greek oratory in its growth and its maturity on the history of Greek prose expression; and secondly, to furnish students and general readers with an apparatus (in the shape of lists, analyses, and so forth) for the comprehensive and consecutive study of the Attic orators before Demosthenes. As regards the first of these objects, he supplements K. O. Müller's inadequate conception of the relations of oratory to universal prose literature; in carrying out the second he both stimulates and assists, beyond most of his fellows past and present, the curiosity of modern students for a more thorough acquaintance with the extant speeches in the originals. It is, no doubt, hard to see how time is to be made for the incorporation of some five or six earlier orators (whose remains take up some six hundred pages in the Paris edition of Didot) with the study of Demosthenes and Eschines, in whom the subject finds its crowning interest; but it is obvious that, unless the range of view is thus widened, our knowledge must be after all fragmentary, whereas such help as is supplied by Mr. Jebb's thorough handling is likely to have the effect of bringing forth separate editions and analyses of the various orators, and thus facilitating the gradual mastery of a tract from which at present people seem to be frightened away. It will have been something achieved (apart from the contribution towards a history of Greek oratory) to stimulate by the incentive of a quickened interest the production of such commentaries on the earlier orators as that of Mr. Sandys on Isocrates's "Ad Demonicum" and "Panegyricus," now standing, as Mr. Jebb remarks, "alone in this country." But this, it be remembered, is only a secondary aim. Our author's prime aim, as he himself puts it,

is to consider the lives, the styles, and the writings of Antiphon, Andocides, Lysias, Isocrates, and Iseus, with a view to showing how Greek oratory was developed, and thereby how Greek prose was moulded, from the outset of its existence as an art down to the point at which the organic forces of Attic speech were matured, its leading tendencies determined, and its destinies committed no longer to discoverers (*εὑρέται*), but to those who should crown its perfection or initiate its decay. The men and the writings that mark this progress will need to be studied systematically and closely. It is hoped that much of historical, social, or literary interest will be found by the way. But the great reward of the labour will be to get a more complete and accurate notion of the way in which Greek prose grew. It will not be enough if we break off when the study of Iseus has been finished. It will be useful to look at the general characteristics of the mature political oratory built on those foundations at which Iseus was the latest worker, to conceive how distinctly Iseus and those before him were related to Lycurgus, Hyperides, Eschines, Demosthenes. Nor must we stop here. The tendencies set in motion between the fourth and fifth centuries B.C. were not spent till they had passed into that life of the Empire which sent them on into the modern world. The inquiry which starts from the Athens of Pericles has no proper goal but in the Rome of Augustus.

This is a task truly worthy of the accomplished author, and one in which all classical scholars may find their account in following him, whilst even general readers may well be attracted, by the questions and comparisons mooted in the Introduction, to the deeper study of a work which will be found in a large degree within their range. We have already stated that Mr. Jebb adopts the scope of Dionysius, one of the two contemporary Augustan Atticists, in connecting the orators treated of, either as inventors or perfecters, with a standard of Greek prose. That prose, he remarks, which was written with a view to being spoken, stood, in Greek antiquity, in the closest relation to that which was written to be read. Ancient oratory was a fine art, comparable—as indeed it is compared by Dionysius, speaking of the polished and chiselled forms of Plato and Isocrates—with sculpture or painting. As one proof of this, Mr. Jebb cites the training of the speakers and the appreciation of the hearers, who were alike solicitous of, and alive to, a standard of artistic elegance, and not merely attentive to the general effect. Reversing the modern order of elements of persuasion, the ancients set the *ethical* and *pathetic* before the *logical*, and Aristotle counsels the students of his Rhetoric to be chary of the last of these. The modern speaker has no distinct acceptance as an artist, whereas the ancients eschewed, as a rule, long chains of elaborate reasoning such as constitute one triumph of modern oratory. Another point of contrast, arising from a kindred cause, is our demand for extemporaneous speaking, or its semblance (attributable, in Mr. Jebb's view, to the Hebraic basis of education in modern Christendom, which regards the true counsellor as one whose inspiration is given him at the moment by a power external to himself); whilst the ancients wrought their masterpieces into an artistic whole which admitted of treasured commonplaces, plastic finish, and the highest measure of premeditation, but was incapable of those *coupés* of modern eloquence, those thrills and electric shocks, which burst, or seemed to burst, spontaneously from such speakers as the elder Pitt, Sheil, and Erskine in the senate or at the Bar. One such rhetorical effect, indeed, our author reminds us, was esteemed both in ancient and modern oratory, down to the days of our fathers—the use of quotation; but the cause of the parallel failing to a great extent as regards our own day is to be found in the absence of an audience akin to the Attic in cultivation and sympathy. Were a speaker in our present House of Commons to perorate with as telling a quotation as that at the close of Pitt's speech on the Slave-trade, how many of his hearers would applaud from

\* *The Attic Orators, from Antiphon to Iseus.* By R. C. Jebb, M.A., Public Orator in the University of Cambridge, and Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

the heart and from the sympathy of kindred cultivation, and how many from an adoption of Sir Arthur Helps's satirical advice about the proper reception of a classical quotation which you do not understand? Other questions touching the plastic character of Greek oratory, its personalities, its perorations (these last in some instances paralleled by the modern speaker), and its superiority to Roman eloquence, will be found treated with a breadth and shrewdness indicating Mr. Jebb's grasp of his subject; and every reader must study the pages which discuss the two prime elements of Attic oratory, the practical culture of Ionia and the Sicilian rhetorics (pp. xxii.-xxx.). For the details of the latter use has been made of Mr. Cope's papers on the Sophists and the Sophistical Rhetoric. But we must pass over these for the purpose of glancing, as far as space will allow, at the three orators who make up the first volume of Mr. Jebb's work—Antiphon, Andocides, and Lysias.

The first of these represents what is termed the *austere* style, and the third the *plain* style, whilst the second—"an amateur among experts"—occupies a position midway between the formal grandeur of Antiphon and the polished ease of Lysias. The first was the originator at Athens of the profession of writing speeches for money, as well as a teacher of rhetoric, who possibly numbered his warm admirer Thucydides among his pupils. In the assembly and the law courts his influence, though exerted mostly behind the scenes, was such as consisted with the character for consummate ability given him by the illustrious historian (viii. 68), and was worthy of the great apologist of the revolution of the Four Hundred, his share in which he had to defend on trial for his life. In Mr. Jebb's estimate of him there seems to be ground for accepting relatively Thucydides' praise of Antiphon's virtue, in the sense of consistency and disinterestedness; but that which probably stood him more in stead, and brought him, late in life, to the front in politics, was his trained use of subtle and quick wit, and the fertility of expedient and ingenuity in making points in debate which came from his rhetorical *διεύρυντος* (p. 17). In point of style Antiphon is represented as dignified and decorous above all else. In imagery his taste is fanciful but not florid, and the examples given of it justify the impression of severe control which consists with the character of his style. In pathos he excelled rather than in ethos, herein resembling Thucydides, though the latter is necessarily more dramatic. It is to Lysias in the next century that we must look for the artistic adjustment of words to the particular character and position of the person who is supposed to speak them; so that, to use Mr. Jebb's expression, a client had not only the advantage of professional aid, but the further advantage of appearing to have dispensed with it. In arrangement we note simplicity as a characteristic of Antiphon, his programme being as follows—proem; introduction; narrative of facts; arguments and proofs; epilogue. But his weakest point seems to have been narrative, in which Andocides and Lysias were strong. His strongest was in general argument, though a glance at the speeches of the first tetralogy in the chapter on Antiphon's works (pp. 48, 49) will show that he not seldom resorts to sophistries and to arguments in a circle. One more special and distinguishing characteristic of Antiphon is his stately standing aloof from hand-to-hand encounter, the result of his being essentially a furnisher of words and arguments for others. Whilst this disqualified him in a great measure for the fighting of the law courts, it may well have adapted him for the graver procedure of the Areopagus, to which also, as Mr. Jebb shows at some length, his religious feelings naturally drew him. The coincidence of sentiment between Antiphon "de cæde Herodis" § 82 and Aesch. *Theb.* 593 seq., general though it may be, is one illustration of the strength of these feelings; and probably, did we possess other orations than the fifteen (all relating to cases of homicide) which remain of Antiphon, direct and indirect evidence of it would be multiplied in proportion. The criteria of the date of the speech on the murder of Herodes are cogently marshalled in p. 59, and the chief features of Antiphon's other extant speech before the Areopagus, "On the Chorœtes" are sufficiently analysed.

There is so little of rhetorical training, or distinct progress in his art, about the speeches of Andocides, that one hardly sees his title to be numbered among the "ten" orators. Perhaps his connexion with history—"history" which, as Mr. Jebb puts it, "only knows him under a cloud"—has more to do with it than any services to the culture of oratory. The ill luck which brought him into odium with the oligarchs for his informations about the Mysteries and the Mutilation of the Hermæ, whilst his hereditary connexion with the oligarchy set the democratic party against him, seems to have placed him continually in an attitude of defence and self-preservation, and perhaps may have made him more reliant on native wit and shrewd knowledge of men than on the arts and resources of rhetoric. What remains of his speeches are that "De reditu," B.C. 410, in which he sought in vain the removal of disabilities attaching to him for his past complicity with the impious; that "on the Mysteries," in 401, whereby he achieved his acquittal; and a political speech on the peace with Sparta, which shows strong sense and a clear-sighted eye to Athenian interests. In all of these we miss method, finish, and precision of thought or rhetorical figures. Andocides depends rather on a rough unhewn plainness, a simple arrangement of matter, and a forcible artless narrative. Of this last, the famous description of the first night in prison, when he yielded to entreaties to divulge what he knew of the conspiracy, is a special example. Add to these his resort to such natural figures as irony and indignant question, and his intro-

duction of stories and anecdotes, and we detect a certain advance beyond the grave and austere style of his predecessor Antiphon, though, after all, his place and value are more concerned with history than with rhetoric. It seems to be agreed that he had no training in the Sophistical schools, but curiosity is roused as to the source of the strange argument in the peroration of the speech "De reditu," wherein he lays the fault of human mistakes on the mind, not the body, and claims acquittal for his unoffending body on the plea that years had brought him a new mind! (See vol. i. 112 and Andoc. de Reditu, § 24.)

It is on turning to Lysias that we realize the progress made in Attic prose. Mr. Jebb regards the prose of Lysias as so admirable that his merit as a writer is in danger of obscuring the oratorical power which shines out in such speeches as that "Against Eratosthenes"—a speech comparable in some respects with that of Demosthenes on the Crown, though spoken, unlike that masterpiece, from a private standpoint. But perhaps this is no more than might have been expected of one whose business was not speaking, but speech-writing, and who lacked those opportunities of personally addressing an audience which the possession of citizenship would have given him. The brief history of this orator's career and its vicissitudes comes out very pleasantly in Mr. Jebb's tripartite sketch of the man, his style, and his works, the chief interest of which centres unquestionably in the second. As we have already said, Lysias introduced into speech-writing—to which after the confiscation of his property by the Thirty he resorted for a livelihood, and which he pursued so assiduously that he is said by Dionysius to have written two hundred forensic speeches—the practice of putting into the mouth of his client a plain natural expression of what the man might be expected to say, instead of a fashionable and conventional rhetoric. As the founder of the plain style, he recognized the dictum "Ars est celare artem," and, by combining tact of treatment with charm of language, stood out as the professor of naturalness. Mr. Jebb dissents, not without reason, from K. O. Muller's view that Lysias had two styles—the earlier forced and artificial, the later plain. As a rule, his pure and simple diction, his clearness of thought and expression, the result, according to Dionysius, of a wealth of the right words; his vividness, which sets a scene before the mind's eye in correct drawing, and not merely, as Isocrates does (the illustration is Mr. Jebb's), in brilliant colouring; his acute reading of character and sense of propriety, which makes all in keeping—these qualities are quite consistent with the plain style, whilst they do not allow plainness to become a synonym for lifelessness or formality. None of the orators are more skilled in delineating character by a few quiet touches, none more graphic or convincing in narrative; but it is here that we find his supremacy more assured than in appeals to the feelings, or in "the power which ought to elevate an epilogue." That which detracts from his oratorical pre-eminence is a want of pathos and fire. Yet a perusal of the chapters devoted to his works will serve to show that even in those traits which are least prominent Lysias can shine out upon occasion; as where, in his fragmentary speech on the Confiscation of the Goods of the brothers of Nicias, he exhibits a degree of feeling certainly rare in his speeches. Amongst the extant orations the masterpieces of Lysias are that "on the property of Aristophanes," "the defence of Mantitheos on his scrutiny before the Senate" (as to which Mr. Jebb redresses the scant justice of Dobree's criticisms), the famous "speech against Eratosthenes," and that against Agoratus, which, though having a narrower range and issue, is of special interest as containing a parallel to the prison-scene in the speech of Andocides "On the Mysteries." In his criteria of the genuineness of such speeches as the λόγος ἐπιρρήψιος, and those for Polystratus and against the younger Alcibiades, Mr. Jebb's judgment seems to us sound and unimpeachable. He has apparently not overlooked any material criticism advanced by other writers, and it is impossible not to be impressed with a sense of the valuable service he has rendered in the field of classical literature which he has selected for illustration, and of the access of light, knowledge, and familiarity with the ancient models of oratory for which his readers are indebted to this lucid and well-arranged survey. At some other time we hope to notice the second volume.

#### THE DILEMMA.\*

**I**N *The Dilemma*, a story of the Indian mutiny, the author of *The Battle of Dorking* has made choice of a congenial subject, which he handles with equal spirit and knowledge. The book vividly recalls the memories of that gallant struggle against overwhelming odds, which went far to redeem the English name from the disrepute into which it had been falling in consequence of the apparent ascendancy of ultra-pacific doctrines. Our most inveterate detractors were forced to confess that we had not forgotten how to fight, when they saw the scattered handfuls of our countrymen, taken by surprise, turning successfully to bay against the disaffection of millions of their subjects; "scratch" garrisons defending improvised fortresses, while doubtful, or even despairing, of relief; flying columns, cast loose from all supports, marching from victory to victory over battalions drilled and armed by ourselves, and carrying great cities crowded with fanatical combatants, in a series of swift and irregular attacks. *The Dilemma* dramatically concen-

\* *The Dilemma*. By the Author of "*The Battle of Dorking*." London: Blackwood & Sons. 1876.

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trates our interest on the residents of a single station. When the tale opens, the society of Mustaphabad is in its normal state of stagnation, and we have leisure to make its acquaintance thoroughly, from the Government Commissioner down to Lieutenant Arthur Yorke, who is falling hopelessly in love with the only daughter of the great civil dignitary. Unconscious of the terrible experiences in store for them, they are all making the most of such stray occasions of excitement as a garrison steeplechase or a cavalry ball. Seldom have the details of a garrison routine or the various shades of military character been more lightly and happily delineated. Mustaphabad may have been a purgatory to those who were quartered there; but readers of the novel find it anything but dull. We are introduced, very much to our entertainment, to the free and easy housekeeping of Yorke and his gay-hearted chum, in their bare little bachelor bungalow. We listen with amusement to the tittle-tattle of the ladies who lead the fashions, and to the pipelay gossip that goes on round the mess-tables. The society of the station may find but languid enjoyment in their evening drives on the Mall or Course, but to most English readers the scene will be full of novelty. Some suggestive touches make us at home among the men and women who are soon to be subjected to an ordeal inconceivably trying. As for the great majority of the officers, they are fair average specimens of their class, nor does it need an intimate acquaintance with them to get to the bottom of their characters. Generally speaking, they are seriously bent on killing time, or on cultivating the serene Buddhist philosophy which persuades them to support the dulness of their lot in more or less cheerful abstraction. A few there are of a higher stamp, who have either already risen superior to circumstances or who still cherish the professional ambitions which protracted peace seems likely to stifle. There is the distinguished Colonel Falkland, respected and envied even by the triflers, who, like most Indian officers that have made themselves a name, has long been detached from regimental duties. There is Kirke, who has left the service under a cloud, and who has the vices as well as the military virtues of a *condottiere* leader of the middle ages. There is Braddon, who has likewise the makings of a noble soldier in him, but who, in the absence of all stirring occupation, threatens to settle into a confirmed tippler. And, finally, there is our young friend Lieutenant Yorke, who is approaching a critical point of his career. If he is left to nurse a hopeless attachment in obscure inactivity, he is likely enough to follow the example of Braddon, although as yet he is overflowing with life and hope. Should fortunate accidents give him an opening, his passion will incite him to make the most of it, and he may possibly rival the reputation of Falkland, whom he admires from a respectful distance with the devotion of generous youth.

The chances conspire in his favour sooner than he could have anticipated, and opportunities crowd fast upon him. The Bengal army has proved false to its colours. The English troops have been withdrawn from the station; the sepoys look sullen and waver, and finally declare for the mutineers. Having shown a bold front and an assumed confidence to the last, the English gentlemen of the place have beaten a retreat to the Residency with the women and children, with the determination of defending themselves to the last, though they know nothing of whence help may come to them. Then we have a most exciting description of the siege, in the simple but forcible language of a military historian who is a literary artist as well. There is an entire absence of rhetorical exaggeration and poetical rhapsody. The tone of the narrator is that of the besieged officers, who undertake the most dangerous service in the natural round of their duties, and never show themselves disposed to grumble save when they see comrades preferred to themselves for some desperate *soutien*. Their deeds of unassuming heroism are left to speak for themselves, and their jests over the privations they endure only serve to keep up their spirits. Though the narrative painfully recalls the sad associations of the time, we feel it to be a faithful and reassuring picture of the genuine warlike temperament that makes the English soldier so formidable. From Colonel Falkland, who has naturally taken the command, to the subalterns whose souls used to be in billiards or their betting-books, all are elevated and animated in the presence of imminent peril. The women evince a patience and composure worthy of the men who are fighting for them, although death is making gaps in the ranks of the defenders, and some of the wives and their families already find themselves widowed and orphaned. Yet, in spite of the sustained strain on the nerves, gaiety is not altogether banished, and the weary days and anxious nights—they never drag in the pages of *The Dilemma*—are not unenlivened by gleams of fun. We know, what of course the besieged cannot know, that they must be surely predestined to receive timely relief; yet we are carried away by their growing fears, as provision and ammunition begin to run low, and as the enemy becomes more audacious and enterprising. Suspense is more intense on the arrival of a messenger with the tidings that Kirke is on his way to their help; for every hour it becomes more questionable whether they can hold out till he appears. And the excitement culminates in a thrilling climax, when Kirke's Sikh levies seem to fall back after showing themselves in the distance, to return speedily in an irresistible onset which effectually scatters the blockading force.

All this time the interest of the novel has been by no means concentrated in the military narrative. Yorke is indirectly the hero of the various episodes, and his personal anxieties have been thrown out in conspicuous relief. Experienced students of fiction would have pronounced unhesitatingly that he was sure of the hand of Olivia Cunningham; and they would have been

doubly confirmed in their foregone conclusion had they known that he would speedily be a brevet-colonel. To their quick discomfiture, the young man receives a heavy blow before he gets his first occasion for distinguishing himself. The fair Olivia has given her hand to Falkland, who, in the double capacity of a veteran and her godfather, had formerly been admitted to the envied privilege of chaperoning her. Being made of sterling and sensible stuff, Yorke teaches himself to submit to his disappointment. Throughout the siege he does his duty like a man, recommending himself to the approving notice of his commander, to whom he bears no sort of grudge. He is genuinely grieved both for his friend and for Olivia when Falkland is numbered among the missing after the fighting that relieves Mustaphabad. But naturally his blighted hopes begin to revive with his brightening professional prospects; the more so that the deaths of her husband and father have left the lady almost penniless. Then follows shock number two; and very hard indeed we feel it is upon him. He hears that she is married again, and this time to his colonel, Kirke, whom, with much in externals calculated to captivate a woman, he suspects with reason to be altogether unworthy of her. It is fortunate for him that, by the very fact of her so lightly throwing herself away, Olivia loses something of the divinity with which he has hitherto invested her. Her subsequent conduct contributes to cure him of all illusions, for Kirke again gets involved in discreditable charges, and Olivia, in her affliction and acting under her husband's influence, tries in a painful and pathetic scene to tamper with the honour of her former lover. Yet still, as love is weak and men are mortal, we are left in uncertainty as to what may be in store for both of them when Yorke returns to England, whither Olivia has preceded him. We take for granted that she will have occasion to appeal to him for assistance, especially as her husband has left her for the time, and accepted a command in the Egyptian service.

The last volume of the novel is the least satisfactory. We feel it, in the first place, to be an unwelcome change from the freshness of the Indian scenes and the active excitement of irregular Indian warfare, to the tameness of English life in quiet country society. Doubtless it all chimes in with the scheme of the story, which is constructed after real life rather than according to romantic precedents. In order to lead up to the unlooked-for *dénouement*, it is necessary that Yorke should be dull and somewhat bored; he must be disenchanted of lofty ideals of womanhood, and predisposed to console himself as best he can. We can understand an Indian with few home ties yielding insensibly to the influences of a hospitable welcome in a wealthy household. Yet the chivalrous young soldier seems somewhat out of place in the ostentatious luxury of the Peevors' mansion; the reader is hardly prepared to see him making himself contentedly at home under the roof of a millionaire, whose vulgarity throws a shadow over his family, and courts cold-shouldering by the neighbourhood. But the last chapters are exciting enough. Yorke meets his early love again as well as several of his old acquaintances of Mustaphabad, and one of them, at least, makes a sensational reappearance like a phantom risen from the grave. There is a fire in which the danger is as real as in any of the most stirring incidents of the mutiny; we have a rescue and a recognition, and then the curtain comes down on a group of friends who are standing horror-stricken at the gaps that have opened in their number. We do not greatly like these melancholy endings, which savour of *Hamlet* or the *Bride of Lammermoor*. But in this case, considering that the author has been leading us all the time into a "dilemma," we do not see how he could have helped himself. If the close of the story leaves a painful impression, it may be not the less true to nature on that account, and from beginning to end we are spared any touch of monotony in the blending of humour, pathos, and action.

## GERMAN LITERATURE.

**BERNARDINO OCHINO**\* has long waited for a competent biographer. The interest attaching to his character and career is not less than in the case of any Reformer of his time, but few have cared to undertake the life of one so universally obnoxious, execrated by one party and disowned by the other. The laudable investigations of his Unitarian biographers have naturally been mainly restricted to his alleged anti-Trinitarianism, which is far from being the most interesting feature in his intellectual history. His life, in fact, could only be written in Italy, and it has been reserved for Dr. Benrath, by diligent research in the Italian and other archives, and acute criticism of Ochino's rare and neglected writings, to exhibit him in his real relation to the great reforming movement of his age. The eloquent Capuchin, although twice Vicar-General of his order, had undoubtedly assumed a more advanced position than Pole, Contarini, and the other leaders of the Evangelical movement in Italy. It was a correct instinct which led Caraffa, the soul of the Catholic reaction, to persuade the indulgent Paul III. to strike at him. Ochino, warned, it is said, by the dying Contarini, escaped to Switzerland—a step which, inevitable as it was, signalizes, and in a manner typifies, the final loss of Italy to the cause of the Reformation. Relieved from the restraints of ecclesiastical discipline, his inquisitive spirit, as in the

\* Bernardino Ochino von Siena. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Reformation. Von Karl Benrath. Leipzig: Fries. London: Williams & Norgate.

case of Socinus, Bruno, and intellectual Italians in general, soon transported him beyond the bounds which Luther and Calvin would fain have prescribed to free inquiry. How far the recoil from tradition actually carried him is difficult to determine. The writings which gave most offence to his contemporaries are cast in the form of dialogues, and it is not easy to say how far Ochino may have aimed at insidiously undermining current articles of belief, or how far his natural candour may have led him to state an opponent's case with unacceptable emphasis. Dr. Benrath vindicates him successfully from the charge of having advocated polygamy; the question of his anti-Trinitarianism is left very obscure. Whatever his real sentiments may have been, the Protestant Churches found his speculative opinions a source of scandal and danger. Expelled successively from Geneva, Zürich, Basel, Nuremberg, hunted across Europe into Poland and back again, the old man was finally carried off by the plague at an obscure village in Moravia. Dr. Benrath has restored his portrait with as much success as can be expected with such a paucity of private memorials. The intellectual personality is sufficiently distinct. Ochino appears as a man in whom great warmth of religious feeling is united to a keen, scrutinizing intellect and an innate restlessness which rarely allowed him to acquiesce long or unreservedly in dogmatic conclusions of any sort. His sincerity is unquestionable, except in the partial concealment of his opinions, imposed upon him by prudence, both before and after his secession. Dr. Benrath has given excellent analyses of his principal works—the unlucky Basel dialogues, which involved him in such misfortune; the Neapolitan dialogues, composed while he was still a monk; his sermons; above all, the "Tragedy," a withering invective against the Papacy, written in Latin, but only extant in the English translation of Anna Bacon. Ochino's residence in England during the reign of Edward VI. entitled him to a place among the foreign theologians by whom the Reformation in this country was influenced, and Dr. Benrath's full treatment of this department of his subject considerably enhances the interest of his work for English readers.

The extensive learning of the younger Bunsen \* is employed in the investigation of themes fruitful in speculation and controversy—the origin and primary significance of the symbol of the cross, the cause of its universal dissemination in pre-Christian ages, and the obscuration of the original meaning by its association with the victorious creed. Baron Bunsen holds this later application to be secondary and accidental. The meaning of the Cross in the ancient mythologies is, he contends, the Sun; and his application of this actual or conjectural circumstance in connexion with the Saviour may be readily apprehended. He relies much on the testimony of the Epistle of Barnabas as proving that such was the accepted Christian conception in the first century; as also upon somewhat fanciful analogies between the Sun, the Cross, and the Brazen Serpent. Much of his work is indeed of a decidedly fanciful nature, but it is well calculated to illustrate his leading proposition of the general employment of the Cross as a religious symbol in ages long anterior to the Christian era.

The recent ecclesiastical legislation of Prussia, being felt as a grievance by the Protestant as well as the Catholic Church, has encouraged the small party in the bosom of the former who desire a separation of Church and State on religious grounds. Professor Jacoby † examines the question partly from this party's point of view, but arrives at the conclusion that, in the interests of religion itself, things had better remain as they are.

The order of "the Brethren of the Sword" ‡, on which Dr. von Bunge has given us a very acceptable monograph, was instituted about 1203 for the subjugation of the Livonians, Esthonians, Lithuanians, and the pagan nations of Eastern Europe in general. Its efforts were crowned by the conquest of Courland and Esthonia; but its acquisitions in the latter quarter brought it into collision with the Christian State of Denmark, and, finding itself hard pressed by this as well as the Lithuanians, it consented to merge itself into the Teutonic order about 1237. Dr. von Bunge has collected and illustrated its records with much care, and his little work is a valuable contribution to the history of Christian religious chivalry.

The story of Alaric's conquests is told by Dr. von Eicken § in a pleasing style, and with particular attention to the governing ideas of Roman and Gothic society at the period. He directs especial attention to the recognition by the Goths of the Roman Empire as a legitimate institution, which it was by no means their purpose to overthrow, whatever liberties they might take with the lives and property of its citizens.

Eduard Schüller's reminiscences of his youth || are, to a certain extent, interesting from their naïveté and warmth of feeling, and the eventful period (1794-1813) within which they are comprised. They present, however, no incidents of any particular importance, and seem to have been principally valued by the writer as illus-

trations of his own intellectual development. Some public interest would have attached to them from this point of view had the author attained eminence in his maturity; but it would seem that, though Schüller wrote much, he published nothing, and that his best claim to distinction is his efficient administration of the Prussian Post-office.

Dr. Rodbertus-Jagetzow\* discusses what he calls the social question chiefly in its aspects of pauperism and commercial crises, which he regards as effects of the same cause. His theory is offered as substantially identical with Ricardo's theory of rent, but an improvement upon the latter.

The excellent series of popular scientific lectures † edited by Virchow and Von Holtzendorff, and the no less valuable series of controversial pamphlets edited by Von Holtzendorff and Von Oncken, continue to receive numerous accessions of interest. Among the most important contributions to the former may be named Professor Stein's discourse on Milton and Cromwell; among the most entertaining, Professor Mannhardt's lecture on the part of the sunflower in popular mythology, with a reference to the so-called bust of Clytie in the British Museum. The other series, as is natural in the present state of Germany, bears frequent reference to the affairs of the Church of Rome.

Science has been said to have no other enemy than ignorance; but it may be questioned whether a more formidable antagonist is not to be found in the credulity of some among its own votaries. An unlearned person may well be excused for distrusting the announcements of archaeologists and philologists when he becomes acquainted with such melancholy proofs as are afforded by the history of the so-called Moabite antiquities of the perfect compatibility of profound erudition with an absolute lack of common sense. After a delay in nowise redounding to the credit of the independence and integrity of German Semitic scholarship, this wretched delusion has at last received its quietus at the hands of Messrs. Kautzsch and Socin.‡ The latter gentleman has dealt with the external evidence for the authenticity of the objects, and his thorough exposure of the transparent absurdity almost supersedes the more recondite palaeographical and philological disquisition of his colleague. Both, in fact, may be deemed to be superseded by the accompanying delineations of some of the objects themselves. It seems incredible that any one, much more Oriental scholars and Ministers of State, should ever have been deceived by such rubbish. Nothing remains but for the parties concerned to own their folly, and digest their mortification as best they may, while the exultation of French savans may be tempered by the recollection that their own Government appeared to no greater advantage in the affair of the Abbé Domenech's Mexican antiquities some years ago.

Albrecht Zehme || has prepared an exceedingly useful manual of the geography of modern Arabia, compiled from the accounts of Niebuhr and subsequent travellers, such as Palgrave, Burckhardt, Wallin, Wrede, Cruttenden, and Maltzan. The work bears evidence of having been prepared with great exactness, and contains a vast amount of highly interesting information respecting not merely the topography of the country, but also its natural productions and the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Its value is greatly enhanced by an appendix treating of the political history of the peninsula during the last century, with a view of the actual political condition of Muscat and the Wahabi States, and of the recent encroachments of the Turks in Yemen. It is difficult to see how these acquisitions can be maintained in the present condition of Turkish credit, and South-West Arabia may not improbably be on the eve of great political changes. Like most disinterested observers, Herr Zehme is very adverse to the spread of Turkish and Egyptian influence in Arabia, and looks forward to the regeneration of the country under the protection of England, the only Power qualified to interfere with effect in its concerns.

The isles where burning Sappho lived and sung have been inspected by Dr. von Löher || in the systematic and agreeable manner which is only possible to a man of leisure and a man of means. Having chartered a yacht with a Turkish crew at Cavalla in Macedonia, the birthplace of Mohammed Ali, he pursued his voyage southwards, touching successively at Thasos, Samothrace, Imbros, Lemnos, Lesbos, and Tenedos, and winding up with visits to Smyrna and Athens. The tour was most interesting throughout, and the narrative depicts in lively colours the natural beauty and picturesque manners of the archipelago, and its commercial and industrial decay under Turkish rule. Perhaps the more interesting description is that of Samothrace, with its simple and rugged shepherd population, its remains of primitive Cyclopean architecture, and its almost inaccessible coast. Thasos, in Dr. von Löher's opinion, is the most favoured by nature of any of the islands, and under more auspicious political circumstances might be made a centre of civilization for the rest. One of the first steps necessary would be the establishment of a bank, money being incredibly scarce and dear. Most of the islands suffer greatly from the reckless destruc-

\* *Das Symbol des Kreuzes bei allen Nationen, und die Entstehung des Kreuz-Symbols der christlichen Kirche.* Von E. von Bunsen. Berlin: Mitscher & Röstell. London: Colclough.

† *Staatskirche, Freikirche, Landeskirche.* Von Prof. Dr. H. Jacoby. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Der Orden der Schwertbrüder; dessen Stiftung, Verfassung und Auflösung.* Von Dr. G. von Bunge. Leipzig: Bidder. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Der Kampf der Westgothen und Römer unter Alarich.* Von Dr. H. von Eicken. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Jugend-Erinnerungen.* Von E. Schüller. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Asher & Co.

\* *Zur Beleuchtung der Sociaten Frage.* Von Dr. Rodbertus-Jagetzow. Th. I. Berlin: Schindler. London: Asher & Co.

† *Sammlung gemeinverständlicher wissenschaftlicher Vorträge.—Deutsche Zeit- und Streit-Fragen.* Berlin: Lüderitz. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Aechtheit der Moabitischen Alterthümer geprüft.* Von E. Kautzsch und A. Socin. Strassburg: K. Trübner. London: Trübner & Co.

§ *Arabien und die Araber seit hundert Jahren. Eine geographische und geschichtliche Skizze.* Von Albrecht Zehme. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Griechische Küstenfahrten.* Von Dr. F. von Löher. Bielefeld and Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing. London: Asher & Co.

[April 22, 1876.]

tion of timber. Dr. von Löher found Smyrna a most interesting city, and speaks of the modern portion of Athens as indicating a great progress in every respect when compared with the old city. His opinion of the Greeks is in the main favourable; it must be recollected that he had nothing to do with them as politicians or financiers. He strongly contends for the perpetuation of the Hellenic type, notwithstanding the Slavonian, Bulgarian, and Wallachian admixtures with which it has had to contend. The book puts forth more decided pretension to literary finish than is usual with narratives of travels; it is enlivened with critical digressions and historical episodes; and printed in a miniature type of great elegance in a form admirably adapting it for a pocket companion throughout the archipelago it describes.

The second volume of Professor Körner's treatise on physical geography\* is occupied with the world of waters, comprising water in its various shapes of ice and snow, sea, lake, and river.

The materials of Professor Rüttimeyer's interesting tract on the modifications of the fauna of Switzerland since the appearance of the human race in the country† are principally derived from the examination of caves containing fossil remains, which have led to results corresponding to similar investigations in England. All the animals usually occurring in English caves are found in Switzerland, with the addition of the marmot and the Alpine hare, the wolverene and the arctic fox. There is a singular intermixture of arctic with tropical types, testifying to wide variations of climate. The book is illustrated with several fac-similes of primitive art in the shape of representations of mammoths and horses, which it is to be hoped are authentic.

A discourse on Christianity in its relation to pictorial art, by the ex-Minister Bethmann-Hollweg‡, is chiefly remarkable for an appendix in which the subject is illustrated by biographical details of Cornelius as the typical religious painter of modern times, accompanied by citations from his correspondence.

England has found an intelligent and friendly critic in Karl Hillebrand§, whose letters from this country indicate powers of observation combined with good feeling. The writer feels the poetry and the charm of association attaching to such places as Oxford, and can enter with enjoyment into such characteristically national amusements as the Eton and Harrow football match. He thinks that England and Germany are changing places, the former country gradually appropriating the lead in philosophy and abstruse thought long preserved by the latter, in proportion as Germany declines in intellectual prestige, but asserts herself as a force in practical politics. Exception may be taken to this proposition, which was originally laid down when the impression of the German victories was still recent, and ere there had been sufficient opportunity to estimate the extent of her financial embarrassments, and her dependence upon Russia. It may also be conjectured that Herr Hillebrand's estimate of English politics would have been somewhat different had his letters been penned before the elections of 1874. He attributes far too much influence to the advanced Liberal party, while, on the other hand, his appreciation of Stuart Mill is shallow and unsatisfactory. The best critical essays in his collection are notices of discussions of French affairs by three very dissimilar Englishmen, Mr. F. Marshall, Mr. John Morley, and the author of "The Member for Paris."

The *Rundschau*|| has a pretty novelette, "The Guiding Star," a paper on the imperfections of German jurisprudence in such cases as the late Bremerhaven explosion, an interesting sketch of the Samoan archipelago, and a still more interesting paper on the present condition of Egypt, by the African traveller Gerhard Rohlfs. Herr Rohlfs deals rather with the social than the political or financial circumstances of the country, and insists particularly on the expediency of two difficult reforms—the abolition of polygamy, and the substitution, as far as possible, of the Italian for the Arabic language. The April number, besides the conclusion of "The Guiding Star," contains the commencement of the distinguished traveller Nachtigall's narrative of his expedition to Borneo, and of a comprehensive survey of the present political situation in the East. The two numbers also comprise an important paper, which seems to bear marks of official inspiration, by A. von Sybel, advocating the purchase of the German railways by the State on political as well as financial grounds.

"The Beggar Princess," by Edmund Hoefer¶, is a remarkably pretty novelette, and a characteristic example of the artistic treatment of short stories by German novelists, which forms so agreeable a contrast to the general heaviness and prolixity of their attempts upon a larger scale.

\* *Die Erde, ihr Bau und organisches Leben: Versuch einer Physiologie des Erdkörpers.* Von Prof. F. Körner. Bd. 2. Jena: Cortenoble. London: Asher & Co.

† *Die Veränderungen der Thierwelt in der Schweiz seit Anwesenheit des Menschen.* Von L. Rüttimeyer. Basel: Richter. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Christenthum und bildende Kunst.* Von M. A. von Bethmann-Hollweg. Bonn: Marcus. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Zeiten, Völker und Menschen.* Bd. 3. *Aus und über England.* Von Karl Hillebrand. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Bodenberg. März und April 1876. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

¶ *Die Bettelprinzess.* Von E. Hoefer. Bremen: Volkschriften-Verlag. London: Williams & Norgate.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**MUSICAL UNION.**—Tuesday Evening, April 25, St. James's Hall. THIRTY-SECOND SEASON.—Breitner (Pupil of Rubinstein), first time, with Papini, Hollander, Viola, first time, Wiener, and Lasserre, at Quarter-past Three. No seats reserved, only for the Committee. Quartets in C. Mozart, in G. Beethoven: Duet, with Violin and Piano, in G. Beethoven; in G. Schubert, with Violin and Piano, in G. Beethoven; with Lucas & Ollivier, Bond Street; and Austin, at the Hall. Programmes gratis. Visitors can pay at the door, Regent Street Entrance. Director, Prof. ELLA, 9 Victoria Square.

**THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.**—The EIGHTY-SIXTH EXHIBITION will OPEN on Monday next, April 24. 5 Pall Mall East. Admission 1s.

ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

**DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM,"** with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "The Night of the Crucifixion," "La Vigne," "Soldiers of the Cross," "Christian Martyrs," "Gaming Table," &c.—DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

**CHRISTIAN WILBERG'S WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS and SKETCHES in OIL** of Italian subjects, including "A View in Venice," property of Her Majesty the Queen. EXHIBITION now OPEN at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191 Piccadilly, Ten to Six. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

**THE LIGHT of the SANCTUARY,** by SZOLDATICS, from a Sketch by the Right Hon. Lady PETRE, will shortly be ON VIEW at DICKINSON & FOSTER'S, 114 New Bond Street.

**ART UNION of LONDON.**—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, to receive the Council's Report, and to distribute the amount subscribed for the purchase of Works of Art, will be held at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, on Tuesday next, the 25th instant, at Eleven for Twelve o'clock. The Right Hon. Lord HOUGHTON, D.C.L., President, in the Chair. The Receipt for the current year will procure admission for Members and Friends.

LEWIS POOCOCK, EDMD. E. ANTROBUS, Hon. Secs.

444 West Strand, April 20, 1876.

**ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION,** for the Relief of Distressed Artists, their Widows and Orphans. THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place, in Willis's Rooms, on Saturday, May 13, at Six o'clock.

His Grace the Archbishop of YORK in the Chair. Donations will be received and thankfully acknowledged by:

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A., Honorary Secretary.

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**UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC M.B. EXAMINATION.**—Instruction is given at GUY'S HOSPITAL in all the subjects required for this Examination by Lectures and Special Classes during the ensuing Summer Session. For further information apply to Mr. J. STOCKER, Medical Secretary, or the Dean, Dr. F. TAYLOR.

Guy's Hospital, S.E.

## NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

April 29, 1876.]

## The Saturday Review.

**ROYAL LITERARY FUND.**—The EIGHTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place at Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday, May 3.

The Earl of DERBY, President of the Corporation, in the Chair.

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W. C. MACLEAN, M.D., C.B., Hon. Secretary.

**THE CAMDEN SCHOOL for GIRLS,** 12 and 14 Camden Street, N.W., will RE-OPEN on Tuesday, April 25, 1876.—THE NORTH-LONDON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL for GIRLS, 222 Camden Road, N.W., will RE-OPEN on Thursday, April 27, 1876.

**MISS MARY LEECH'S MORNING SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES** will RE-OPEN Tuesday, May 2, at 11 Radnor Place, Hyde Park, W.

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